

The Academy

A Weekly Review of Literature and Life.

No. 1432. Established 1869.

14 October, 1899.

Price Threepence.

[Registered as a Newspaper.]

The Literary Week.

MR. LECKY'S new book, to be published by Messrs. Longmans next week, is called *The Map of Life: Conduct and Character*, and therein an attempt is made to answer most of the ethical questions which beset the conscientious citizen of the world. Mr. Lecky takes as his motto the well-known saying of Tocqueville: "La vie n'est pas un plaisir ni une douleur, mais une affaire grave dont nous sommes chargés, et qu'il faut conduire et terminer à notre honneur." On looking through the synopsis of contents we note several subjects on which Mr. Lecky's opinion will be peculiarly interesting at this moment. Among these are the Jameson Raid, modern Ritualism, and moral compromise in war.

LAST week Mr. Kipling rhymed in the *Times* on the Transvaal crisis, and this week Mr. Swinburne has contributed to the same paper his word on the situation, in the form of a rather difficult sonnet with no break between octave and sestet. Mr. Kipling, it will be remembered, neglected, until the day after, to declare his poem free from copyright in this country, and other editors, bearing in mind, perhaps, the strict views on copyright which the *Times* has lately shown itself to cherish, neglected even then to take advantage of the offer. Profiting by Mr. Kipling's delay, Mr. Swinburne, on the day of issue, labelled his sonnet not copyright. It was quoted to a small extent; but a sonnet is not, of course, the way to reach the people. The people are reached by ballad or song.

MR. SWINBURNE'S sonnet, indeed, would have been better unprinted. This is not a time for vilifying our enemies in terms of which right-thinking Englishmen must feel ashamed. Moreover, as patriotic verse the thing is nought. Patriotic verse should be straight, virile, and should leap to the understanding. Look at the concluding lines:

Scarce we hear
Foul tongues that blacken God's dishonoured name
With prayers turned curses and with praise found shame
Defy the truth whose witness now draws near
To scourge these dogs, agape with jaws afoam,
Down out of life. Strike, England, and strike home.

We ask, are the Boers dogs? Are their jaws agape with foam? Are they not rather resolute men who have set their teeth to defend their country—though mistaken, if you like? Mr. Swinburne's sonnet is not patriotic poetry; it is not poetry of any kind; it is hysteria.

MR. ALFRED AUSTIN has, so far, written no special poem to hit the moment, although his views concerning English attempts against Boer oppression are well known. He has, however, presented fifty copies of his *Songs of England* for distribution on transports conveying our men to Africa.

MR. W. H. MALLOCK has transliterated the Wisdom of Lucretius into a poem in the measure of FitzGerald's *Omar*

Khayyâm. The poem will appear in the December number of Lady Randolph Churchill's *Review*. Subsequently, with a prefatory essay and a literal translation of the passages transformed in the verses, it will be published in a volume.

WE understand that the paper on London in *Blackwood's Magazine*, which has attracted some attention, was from Mr. G. S. Street's pen.

MRS. TYNDALL'S biography of John Tyndall has again been thrown back, and it is now impossible to assign any definite time for its appearance. It would have been particularly interesting to have been able to read the work side by side with the *Life of Huxley*, which is to be ready in a few days.

THE false rumour that Mr. Rider Haggard has gone to British Columbia to take up some mines there has given the ingenious journalist an excellent opening for embroidery. As we stated last week, the real traveller is another Mr. Haggard altogether. None the less we find the following in an American paper just to hand:

H. RIDER HAGGARD IN CANADA.

THE FAMOUS NOVELIST TRAVELLING INCOGNITO.

Author of *King Solomon's Mines* has mining interests in the Canadian Northwest that are not myths—Gathering material for a mining camp story.

Vancouver, B.C., Sept. 22.—Mr. H. Rider Haggard, author of *King Solomon's Mines* and other works of fiction, has been in this city for over a week, and is now at Skagway with Lord Hamilton. The famous English writer is travelling incognito, and while here succeeded in keeping his identity from becoming generally known. . . The author of *She* has never been in the Canadian north before, and he may while there gather material for a work which will embody his experiences in the mining camps of British Columbia.

It will be interesting to learn how long it will be before this myth is entirely dissipated.

WE are requested to state that the forecast of Mr. Stephen Phillips's *Paolo and Francesca* which appeared in the *Daily Mail* of Wednesday was unauthorised. The quotations, which had been taken from an early draft of the tragedy, are no longer representative, and the plot was incorrectly given.

THE negotiations which have been long pending for the purchase of the *St. James's Gazette* are now concluded, and the paper has passed from the possession of Mr. Steinkopff into that of a syndicate. Mr. Hugh Chisholm remains in the editorial chair. The *St. James's Budget* is also to be revived, but not again as an illustrated weekly. The old battle of the *Budgets* has indeed ceased. A few years ago there were the *Pall Mall Budget*, the *St. James's Budget*, and the *Westminster Budget*, all vying with each to give the best sixpennyworth of picture and article. And now the *Pall Mall Budget* is no more, the *Westminster* is again at threepence, and the *St. James's* is to be once again without illustrations. Its old editor, Mr. Penderel Brodhurst, returns to his post.

THE latest of the pocket editions to reach us is, in one way at least, the most striking and satisfactory of them all. Its name is the "New Century Library," its publishers Messrs. Nelson & Sons, and the first volume is *The Post-humous Papers of the Pickwick Club*, complete. It is in that word "complete" that the special merit of Messrs. Nelson's edition resides. Hitherto *Pickwick* has had to be split up into two or three volumes, a division which has to a large extent neutralised the advantages of compactness which a pocket edition should possess. But Messrs. Nelson, by using India paper, have been enabled to present a complete *Pickwick* of 845 pages, printed in a large type, in a volume half an inch thick, $4\frac{1}{2}$ by 6 inches in superficies, and weighing only four ounces. All pedestrians and travellers who like to have a book about them should be grateful to the makers of India paper. The "New Century" books are to be published month by month, after Dickens coming Scott and Thackeray.

APPROPOS of pocket editions, we may mention that Messrs. Dent's "Temple" edition of Scott, in forty-eight volumes, is now complete, and their "Temple" Dickens, running to thirty-two volumes, has been carried as far as it can be until the copyrights of the remaining books are exhausted.

LAST Saturday's *Daily News* contained a very interesting character-sketch of John Rylands, the millionaire whose wealth has put Manchester into the possession of the Althorp Library, from the pen of Dr. Parker, who knew him well. We quote two passages:

The simplicity of his life had its occasional drawbacks, not, indeed, very serious, yet not without comical significance. I well remember two public men dining with him, and, although they were preachers, they really did know the difference between real champagne and even the best sorts of nettle beer. As they were both eminent ministers, I will not credit them with a finer discrimination; it is enough that, to my certain knowledge, their palates were not absolutely paralysed. Would they take sherry? Yes. Each took a critical sip, and looked at the other. To me, as a young teetotaller, the look had some kind of occult meaning which a raw countryman could not be expected to discern. Would they take claret? Yes. One mouthful was enough. Would they taste the Madeira? Thanks. No. They were not dyspeptic; they were only sensible and discerning. All wines were alike to the hospitable but abstemious host. So were all tobaccos, for he probably hardly knew the difference between golden shag and black twist. Had it been otherwise, the John Rylands Library might never have been heard of. The world owes nothing to gluttons and wine-bibbers. The two critical guests have left nothing behind them; John Rylands has left a library worthy of his city and the nation.

MR. RYLANDS'S own literary tastes were hardly in accord with the purchase of the Spencer books. Says Dr. Parker:

I remember Mr. Rylands telling me that he had collected twenty thousand metrical pieces. The blank books into which the hymns were pasted became quite a considerable library. Each series was in order, reference being simplified by copious indices. The other issue was still more remarkable. On one occasion Mr. Rylands said to me: "Just as I can tell almost by a glance at my book how many pieces of cloth, and how many yards of ribbon, are in my warehouse, so I want to be able to show in the easiest possible way exactly and completely what the Bible says upon any of its own subjects." This idea he carried out at great expense. His plan was to take the Authorised Version just as it stands, and number its paragraphs from one up to hundreds. The numbers were in large type. The margin of the Bible was very wide, and the numbers were set boldly upon it. To accompany the Bible Mr. Rylands published a book of subjects, such as Atonement, Baptism, Consecration, Festivals, Sacrifices, and the like, and under each of these subjects were printed all the numbers of paragraphs referring to it. So by keeping the Bible and the key side by side the reader could at once

see everything in the Bible upon any particular subject. This was a new form of a concordance of subjects in contradistinction to a concordance of words.

It is a far cry from this ingenious hobby to the "Mazarin Bible" of 1540-55—one of the chief Althorp treasures, now Manchester's—to the "Pfister Bible," to the "Mentz Bible" of 1462, and all the other priceless specimens which John Rylands's wealth has given to his city.

WE have received from Mr. J. Rochelle Thomas, the antiquarian, a circular relating to two oak chests which he has recently acquired, and for which, under the belief that they were Shakespeare's, he is asking £400. They were bought, it seems, at the sale of the contents of Shakespeare's house at Stratford-on-Avon, in 1847, by the late Charles Shrewsbury Butler, M.P., and have now passed into Mr. Thomas's hands. The reproduction in this circular of the title-page of the 1847 catalogue was a pleasant thought. The sale was conducted by the great George Robins, for whom, as many good stories go to prove, nothing but superlatives existed. If a house had a decent garden, it straightway "positively, gentlemen, reeks of roses"; if the song of birds were heard thereabouts, "I can assure you, gentlemen, that you can hardly sleep for nightingales." The present catalogue describes Shakespeare's house as "the truly heart-stirring relic of a most glorious period, and of England's immortal bard" and "the most honoured monument of the greatest genius that ever lived." This is not Robins at his best, but it will serve.

"A RIVAL M.P." has taken in hand one of the poems on "Winter" submitted to us for competition a week or so ago, and has treated it by a process which may be called improvement by elision. This is the poem, the suggested omissions being enclosed between square brackets, and such new words as the omissions make necessary being given in italics:

WINTER.

Some folks may sigh for summer days,
To [laze and] dream among the flowers;
Give me old winter's breezy ways,
The north wind's [sparkling] frosty hours.
To feel the warm, enkindled blood
Run [circling] to my glad heart's core,
To say with Schiller "Oh, 'tis good
To [be a]live," and wish no more.
To glide along the crispy ice
With newly sharpened, [well-cut] skates;
Each day to find a new device
For threes and dainty [figure] eights.
And thro' the woody copse to wend,
[Our way] Hand joined in hand, some night
When winter stars to Love's eyes lend
A newer [note, a] gladder light.
Within the fireside's ingle nook,
As [So still and] quiet as a mouse,
She knitting, I with pipe and book—
The [My favourite,] *Angel in the House*.
Warmed by the yule-log's cheerful light,
Her words [of love] will seem more tender,
What memories we'll weave at night!—
Four feet upon a [brass-bound] fender.

It does not necessarily follow that a poem is better because its metre is rendered more brisk. One metre suits one subject, one another. But we do not think that in the present instance any harm has been done by the emendations. In his *Letters to Fanny Kemble*, it may be remembered, FitzGerald shows how injurious to a poem of Burns similar treatment can be. If any reader can suggest a well-known poem which would benefit by a similar process of elision we should be interested.

THE *Boys' Own Paper*—or the *B.O.P.*, as it is affectionately called—has seen many rivals start up since it was first issued, twenty-one years ago; but it has beaten them all. And it is now as strong and popular as ever, and still under the same editor, Mr. G. A. Hutchinson, who prepared the first number. As some celebration of the *B.O.P.*'s majority, a dinner has been arranged at the Holborn Restaurant for Tuesday, October 31, when past and present contributors, literary and artistic, will be present, as well as a number of "Old Boys." The price of the tickets has been limited to 5s., and to ensure seats early application should be made to the Hon. Sec. of the Dinner Committee, Mr. W. J. Gordon, Hillside, Thurlough-road, Balham, S.W.

JEALOUS rivals of Mr. Guy Boothby who have hitherto been unable to see what there is "in him," will find his gifts codified carefully in the current *Blackwood*. Under the title "Fashion in Fiction," an anonymous critic inquires into the success of Mr. Boothby, Mr. Sheldon, and Mr. Silas K. Hocking. The writer suggests that their extraordinary vogue is not due to especial merit, but to their recognition that, whereas other fashions in fiction are continually changing, "three have kept a permanent hold upon the world's attention. Detectives, mysticism, and theology seem never to pall." Mr. Boothby adheres to detectives and mysticism; Mr. Sheldon and Mr. Hocking go in for theology. The result of this article will not, we trust, mean that some of the other leaders of fashion in fiction will go in for theology too. More tolerable far are detectives and mysticism.

APPROPOS of the sedulous supply of the public with exactly what the public wants, there is a guileless letter in the current *Author* which should kindle envy in many a budding novelist. It runs thus:

Does it occur to some of the failures who write to you that some men make a tolerable income out of fiction alone? Personally, I started as a journalist and proved myself eminently incompetent. At the present moment if I do write an article I do it badly, and at the cost of prodigious labour. But fiction comes more easily to me, and in financial return has already brought me £4,000 during this current year. I do not live in London, neither do I log-roll. I am not conscious of knowing a single human being who writes reviews. But I take note of what the public wants, and I supply it to the best of my ability. In one point I quite agree with your former correspondents, I never consider that I am adequately remunerated. I should much prefer £8,000 or £16,000. In fact, I could enjoy £32,000. But in the meanwhile £4,000 does not seem bad earning (for three-quarters of a year) for a man who much prefers (and employs) enjoyment to labour.

YACHTSMAN.

This is truly the golden age for mediocre narrators.

MR. DOOLEY, in the *Westminster Gazette*, on the Bertillon system of identifying criminals, is immense: "Ye know Bertillon. . . . He's th' la-ad that invinted th' system iv detictive wurruk med aisy that they use down in the Cinthral polis-station. I mind wanst afther 'twas inthrojooed th' loot says to Andy Rahan—he's a sergeant now, he hivins—he says, 'Go out,' he says, 'an' fetch in Mike McGool, th' safe robber,' he says. 'Here's his description,' he says. 'Eyelashes, eight killomethres long; eyes, blue an' assymethrical; jaw, bituminous; measurement, fr'm abaft th' left ear to base iv maxillary glan's, four hectograms; a r-red scar runnin' fr'm th' noomogasthric narve to th' sicond dorsal verteebree,' he says. 'Tis so; I have th' description at home in th' cash dhraver.' Well, Andy come in about six o'clock that night lookin' as though he'd been thryin' to r-run a fut race across a pile iv scrap ir'n, an' says he: 'Loot,' he says. 'I've got him,' he says. 'I didn't take th'

measuremints,' he says, 'because whin I pulled out th' tape line he rowled me eighty hectograms down th' sthreet,' he says. 'But 'tis Mike McGool,' he says. 'I don't know anything about his noomogasthric narves,' he says, 'but I reco'nized his face,' he says. 'I've r-run him in fifty times,' he says."

MAURUS JOKAI, the Hungarian patriot, and the author of almost countless vigorous and absorbing romances, has been taking the readers of the Magyar journal *Nemzet* into his confidence, much as certain men of note in this country have been confiding their histories to Mr. T. P. O'Connor. "Every good man," says Jokai (we quote from the translation made by the *Morning Post's* Vienna correspondent), "is attended by two guardian angels—the good angel and the angel of wickedness. The bad angel always gives him sound, profitable, worldly-wise advice; the good angel urges him on to deeds of Quixotic folly. There is a date—March 15, 1848—of vast importance in Hungarian history. On the eve of this day I, with a whole company of enthusiastic spirits, swore to take my part in an effort for freedom for the liberation of Hungary from the heavy yoke of Austria. My bad angel told me that I was a fool, a visionary, a madman, and urged me to take to my heels while there was yet time. My good angel, on the contrary, reminded me that I had pledged my word of honour, and that I was engaged in a good cause. If my bad angel had prevailed I might possibly have in after years attained the dizzy eminence of the Burgomastership of some obscure provincial town, but I should not have become the author of a hundred books, while Hungary would not regard that day as one of the most glorious in her annals if prudence had outweighed goodness."

JOKAI, who has recently taken a young wife, then describes the happiness of his first marriage, although there again he had been urged on by the angel of Quixotic folly and dissuaded by her worldly-wise sister. The sum of it therefore is: "Be good men and true, rather than prudent or worldly-wise."

"Is it 'Gilian the Dreamer' or Neil the Dreamer?" is the question which some readers of Mr. Neil Munro's new story have been asking. As a matter of fact, we believe, Gilian is the only fictional character in Mr. Munro's book. All the others had their counterparts in real life, and their descendants are still to the fore once deeply interested in the tale that so intimately concerns them. Of course, in Gilian's there must be much of Mr. Munro's own early imaginings, but the author's career has shown that he can grasp the substance without bothering overmuch about the dream. The work on which Mr. Munro is at present engaged is in a more romantic style than anything he has done.

FABULISTS are many, but only the few are chosen. Mr. Crossland's *Literary Parables* set many minds at work on this piquant form of literature, but we have not been able to print their efforts. The fable which follows, by Mr. Gautier de Nogent, is more to the point:

A COMPLAINT.

There was once a young nobleman who wished to write a great work, so, after considering for many nights, he said to a Sage: "Give me a subject whereon to write, for I would be a great author."

"Go into the world as a poor man, and learn," said the Sage.

After a year the young man returned, saying: "I have written many chapters, but no one will publish them."

Then the Sage replied: "Go to the publisher as a rich man."

Many moons went by before the young man came again.

"The book is printed and published, but no one will read it," he complained.

"Even so," quoth the Sage; "I can do no more."

"THE latest advance puff," writes a correspondent, "needs the author of *The Book of Snobs* to deal adequately with it. 'Mr. Anthony Hope,' it runs, in the *Bookman*, 'is speaking with warm praise of the young Duchess of Sutherland's new novel. She calls it *One Hour and the Next*. It is a story concerning itself with the East End, and particularly with labour agitations.' This is very ingenious. Success and rank, the two gods of the ordinary person, join hands, and when the time comes the publisher will reap his harvest. Mr. Hall Caine, I expect soon to read, has great hopes of the new series of *Leaves from a Journal in the Highlands* which Her Majesty is thinking of issuing."

IN a recent number we printed an adaptation by Mr. Paul Swinburne of Regnier's epitaph. A correspondent, Mr. R. Beverley, offers this alternative version:

I've lived without a single thought,
Obeying simply as I ought,
Sweet Nature's law or whim;
And so I much astonished be
That Death has dared to think of me,
Who never thought of him.

"I apologise to Regnier and yourself," adds Mr. Beverley, "for the introduction of 'whim.' Perhaps you will pardon: I am sure Regnier would." We cannot be behind Regnier in magnanimity; we pardon too.

UNDER the title "Popular Studies in Mythology, Romance, and Folklore" Mr. Nutt is issuing a series of handy little sixpenny pamphlets which those schoolmasters who care to touch on these subjects should find of the greatest use. An introduction to Celtic and Mediæval Romance, by Mr. Alfred Nutt, comes first, and then "Folklore: What is It and What is the Good of It?" by Mr. E. S. Hartland, the President of the Folklore Society. Among the other numbers arranged for are: "The Fables of Æsop," by Mr. Joseph Jacobs; "Ossian, and the Literature Connected with his Name," by Mr. Alfred Nutt; "A Survey of Arthurian Romance," by Miss Jessie L. Weston; "The Fairy Mythology of Shakespeare"; "Cuchulinn, the Irish Achilles"; "The Troubadours and Their Times"; and "Wagner and Northern Mythology."

Bibliographical.

THE largely increased interest taken in the stage to-day is illustrated by the announcement of a book on Barry Sullivan and his contemporaries. This is hero-worship indeed. That Sir Henry Irving should be about to find in Mr. Hiatt yet another biographer is intelligible enough, for he is the legitimate successor of Macready and Charles Kean. But—Barry Sullivan! That respectable old-school actor is inferior even to Charles Calvert (who has never yet been "biographed") in interest for students of the stage. He "created" very few notable parts (among them, however, being Valence in "Colombe's Birthday"), and he did nothing whatever for the illustration of Shakespeare, though it was as an expositor of Shakespeare that he was best known. He was essentially a player of the second—of even the third—class; and, without prejudging the forthcoming work, I venture to think that all the biography of Sullivan that is needed was supplied half a dozen years ago, when Mr. W. J. Lawrence published a little memoir which ran only to a hundred pages.

During the present season we seem likely to have at least as much autobiography as biography. The reminiscences

of Sir Algernon West, Dean Merivale, and Sir Edward Russell have long been promised. Now come announcements of the autobiographies of Mr. Robert Buchanan and Mr. Kegan Paul. I find that the younger literary men do not quite realise that Mr. Buchanan is (as things go nowadays) a veteran. He is in his fifty-ninth year. His first book (it was of verse) was published more than thirty years ago, his first novel about twenty-five years ago. Then came a period during which he sought fame and fortune as a playwright. Of Mr. Buchanan's journalistic experiences not much is known, or, if known, recollected. How many remember the weekly paper called *Light*, in which he wielded for a time the editorial thunder-bolt?

We all expect a good deal from the *Memories* of Mr. Kegan Paul, one of whose distinctions is that he is not in the current edition of *Who's Who*. The man-in-the-street knows of Mr. Paul only as a publisher of books. The reading world has not yet forgotten that Mr. Paul has written books as well as published them—e.g., his *Biographical Sketches*, dating back some fifteen or sixteen years; his *Faith and Unfaith* (and other Essays), now more than eight years old; his *Confessio Viatoris*, now nearly eight years old; and his little brochure on *Miracle*, published in 1892. He has also translated Huysmans, and this year he gave us a volume of poems. Sir Edward Russell, whose *That Reminds Me* should soon be in our hands, has not touched literature at many points. He has been an editor in the first place, a dramatic critic in the second; and it is in the latter capacity that he has figured as an author. Did he not write and issue a *Study of Hamlet*, inspired by Sir Henry Irving's royal Dane? Assuredly he was part author of a little book on *Ibsen on His Merits*, and also author of a lecture on Ibsen, published some four or five years since.

There is no end to the ingenuity of the anthologists. The very latest instance of it is the promise of a volume of *Prayers from the Poets*. I suppose there is nothing you cannot pick out of the *corpus poetarum* if you do but look for it long enough. It was only the other day that someone compiled a little collection of prayers from the works of men of letters. But I fancy (I may be wrong) that these were all in prose. Who was it said, "I never pray, but I have aspirations all day long"? There are more aspirations than set prayers, I suspect, in the world of the *belles lettres*.

Very welcome will be *The Backwater of Life, and Other Essays*, by the late James Payn. One wishes that that gentle humorist had written more in this literary form than he did. One recalls with pleasure, not only his two books of recollections, but his *Private Views* and his *Holiday Tasks*, published respectively in the early and the late eighties. No doubt he gave up to his weekly notes in the *Illustrated London News* much which would have had permanent life and value had it been set forth in the essay form.

Certain of Dr. John Brown's essays and sketches are to be issued, I see, at sixpence apiece, which is all very well; but there are many, I believe, who would like to have the opportunity of buying all Dr. Brown's works, in volume form, at a reasonable price. Now, I believe the *Horæ Subsecivæ* are to be acquired only in three volumes and at half a guinea (less discount). Could not something cheaper be tried?

Great wits jump. No sooner do we grasp the fact that Mrs. Hugh Bell is going to give us a book (formerly a pamphlet) on *Conversational Openings* than we are told to expect from another lady, not so well known in the world of authorship, a booklet on *The Gentle Art of Good Talking*. The latter will cost but one shilling—a small price for instruction in an admittedly useful art.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

Mr. Kipling as Recruiting Sergeant.

Stalky & Co. By Rudyard Kipling. (Macmillan & Co. 6s.)

WHETHER or not Mr. Kipling claims to have set before us the whole boy, or only a special acquaintance of his own, we do not know; but if *Stalky & Co.*, as we half suspect, purports to tell the truth where *Eric*, Dean Farrar's famous story (and Mr. Kipling's bugbear), only romances, we must say at once that it comes short of that ambition. The impression of boy life conveyed by *Eric* is not more false than that given by *Stalky & Co.*, but the two pictures are the poles asunder. Dean Farrar's weakness for sentiment is quite equalled by Mr. Kipling's infatuation for might. One is as wrong as the other. The real boy comes somewhere between the two; you will find more of him in *Tom Brown* and *Tom Sawyer* than anywhere else. Mr. Kipling for once is caught tripping. In his endeavour to recapture his youth he has remembered everything but youth's immaturity. The escapades of youth are here, the joy of living, the high spirits; but a cleverness beyond all credence has been superimposed. The attempt to make forcible dialogue and successful strategy has been too much for the author, and fidelity to the fact has gone overboard in the interests of the yarn. We cannot believe that even at Westward Ho! Mr. Kipling's own school, three boys ever existed with so complete a theory of life, such rapid and accurate powers of deduction, such uncanny sagacity, such unwavering disregard of the feelings of others, and such brutal and unflagging wit, as Stalky, M'Turk, and Beetle. Mr. Kipling is entitled to idealise his puppets if he likes, and yet we have for so long come to look to him for genuine efforts to depict people as they are that it is with difficulty that the mind is adjusted to this new phase. We shall express the matter more clearly, perhaps, by saying that in these narratives of the adventures of three boys for the discomfiture of masters or other enemies, and the glorification of themselves, the thought, the arrangement, and the orderly accomplishment are adult, the conditions and language—and that only approximately—alone being boyish. Now although the child is the father of the man, and all the rest of it, there is yet a vast difference between a boy's ways and a man's ways. Mr. Kipling seems to us to have overlooked that difference altogether.

He has also so overdone the book that it has to be pronounced his least satisfactory work. There is a piling on of youthful brutality beyond all need, a lack of selective skill. Had *Stalky & Co.* been a whole-hearted attempt at realism, a genuine effort to portray the boy, we should make no such objections. But it is nothing of the kind: the whole boy, indeed, would no more bear setting down in black and white than the whole man. Realism being, then, out of the question, it remains that Mr. Kipling might have made a far better book. For the moment his instinct for the best stories has left him: he has let in a very flood of the second best. "In Ambush" and "A Little Prep," the best things here (as good in their kind as one could wish), make some of their companions appear singularly unnecessary. "An Unsavoury Interlude," "The Impressionists," "The Moral Reformers"—no one of these is worth the amount of spirit and literary power which Mr. Kipling has put into them. "An Unsavoury Interlude" in particular is quite unworthy—a story which relates how the three heroes, having been accused of neglecting to wash themselves, retaliate by hiding a putrid cat in their traducers' house. Boys doubtless do such things, and for an oral yarn the incident would serve; but when a man of genius sits down to elaborate the affair we feel that he is expending himself wantonly. The thing does not matter, is not worth the doing, especially by the same hand that gave us the

beautiful gravity of the *Jungle Books*. However, to balance the less worthy or unworthy chapters there are the two that we have named, which are of the first-class of boisterous school story. These, though often unnecessarily exuberant, justify themselves; and, if we had our way, Mr. Kipling's reputation as a delineator of boy life in a military nursery should rest on them alone. We quote from "In Ambush" the passages describing part of the conversation of the three when confined to their dormitory for a crime they did not commit:

"We've got him—got him on the Caudine Toasting-fork!" said Stalky, after those hints were taken. "King 'll have to prove his charges up to the giddy hilt."

"Too much ticklee, him bust," Beetle quoted from a book of his reading. "Didn't I say he'd go pop if we lat un bide?"

"No prep., either, O ye incipient drunkards," said M'Turk, "and it's trig night too. Hullo! Here's our dear friend Foxy. More tortures, Foxibus?"

"I've brought you something to eat, young gentlemen," said the Sergeant from behind a crowded tray. Their wars had ever been waged without malice, and a suspicion floated in Foxy's mind that boys who allowed themselves to be tracked so easily might, perhaps, hold something in reserve. Foxy had served through the Mutiny, when early and accurate information was worth much.

"I—I noticed you 'adn't 'ad anything to eat, an' I spoke to Gumbly, an' he said you wasn't exactly cut off from supplies. So I brought up this. It's your potted 'am tin, ain't it, Mr. Corkran?"

"Why, Foxibus, you're a brick," said Stalky. "I didn't think you had this much—what's the word, Beetle?"

"Bowels," Beetle replied promptly. "Thank you, Sergeant. That's young Carter's potted ham, though."

"There was a C on it. I thought it was Mr. Corkran's. This is a very serious business, young gentlemen. That's what it is. I didn't know, perhaps, but there might be something on your side which you hadn't said to Mr. King or Mr. Prout, maybe."

"There is. Heaps, Foxibus." This from Stalky through a full mouth.

"Then you see, if that was the case, it seemed to me I might represent it, quiet so to say, to the 'Ead when he asks me about it. I've got to take 'im the charges to-night, an'—it looks bad on the face of it."

"'Trocious bad, Foxy. Twenty-seven cuts in the Gym before all the school, and public expulsion. 'Wine is a mocker, strong drink is ragin','" quoth Beetle.

Subsequently they visited the Head:

"Good evening," said he, when the three appeared under escort. "I want your undivided attention for a few minutes. You've known me for five years, and I've known you for—twenty-five. I think we understand one another perfectly. I am now going to pay you a tremendous compliment. (The brown one, please, Sergeant. Thanks. You needn't wait.) I'm going to execute you without rhyme, Beetle, or reason. I know you went to Colonel Dabney's covers because you were invited. I'm not even going to send the Sergeant with a note to ask if your statement is true, because I am convinced that, on this occasion, you have adhered strictly to the truth. I know, too, that you were not drinking. (You can take off that virtuous expression, M'Turk, or I shall begin to fear you don't understand me.) There is not a flaw in any of your characters. And that is why I am going to perpetrate a howling injustice. Your reputations have been injured, haven't they? You have been disgraced before the house, haven't you? You have a peculiarly keen regard for the honour of your house, haven't you? Well, now I am going to lick you."

Six apiece was their portion upon that word.

"And this, I think"—the head replaced the cane, and flung the written charge into the waste-paper basket—"covers the situation. When you find a variation from the normal—this will be useful to you in later life—always meet him in an abnormal way."

We have used the phrase, boy life in a military nursery, because it must be remembered that that is what Mr.

Kipling has set out to paint. *Stalky & Co.* is the book of empire-makers in the making, a fact which must be kept steadily in mind if one is to come through to the last page without qualms, or, indeed, come through to the last page at all. For empires are not made in accordance with the precepts of the fifth chapter of Matthew, or even of the ordinary citizen of the world, and empire-makers are a kind of boy in whom the softer emotions have no place, and in whom any cultivation of the delicacies is discouraged. The qualities which are most needed on our frontiers are the qualities which Mr. Kipling holds up for admiration. It is not so much Young England that is represented here as Young Fighting England, in whom there cannot be too much of quickness of thought and swiftness of decisive action, and who is successful only in so far as he is also merciless, adamant, and domineering. Courageous, too; although, curiously, Mr. Kipling leaves us to form our own conclusions as to his heroes' personal valour. Their victories are for the most part victories of diplomacy and vicarious blows. *Stalky*, we know from the last story, became a worthy soldier; but at school the three despised cricket with all their hearts, avoided football except under compulsion, and, so far as their historian informs us, fought no fights. On the other hand they once ill-treated a cow (although Mr. Kipling has not included the account of the incident in this volume), and in the course of curing two bullies of bullying their own experiments in that art reached a point of horrible atrocity. Hence, although for soldiers this is one of the most congenial collections of yarns that they are likely to get for some time, and for Volunteers and the military-minded it is hardly less admirable, for the Czar and for peace-loving and all gentle-souled readers it will be well nigh impossible. Mr. Kipling, as apostle of muscle and aggressive Imperialism, has uttered many battle-cries in his time; but this is his completest incitement to war, his crowning achievement as the supreme Recruiting Sergeant. Particularly so, since *Stalky & Co.* appeals to the young and plastic mind. Parents must please themselves as to whether they add the book to the holiday library; but we can only say that if it is to be read freely by impressionable boys, the sooner the curtain is rung down on the farce of Christianity the better; for there is hardly a precept of the Sermon on the Mount that is not joyously outraged in its pages.

What the book chiefly needs is some humanising relief. Throughout there is the same unerring metallic smartness, with hardly a hint of deeper feelings; the same torrent of brilliant slang. And this reminds us that besides other reasons for not handing this book to a boy, which will occur to every schoolmaster who happens to read it, there is also the objection that imitators of *Stalky*, *M'Turk*, and *Beetle* would be a very noxious race. For the originals we have admiration, albeit tempered by incredulity; but their derivatives will be appalling.

The Only-Begetter of Impressionism.

Velasquez. By R. A. M. Stevenson. (George Bell & Sons. 5s. net.)

THIS cheap edition of Mr. R. A. M. Stevenson's *Velasquez* is a valuable little work. Mr. Stevenson is known as an admirable art critic. His technical knowledge is thorough, and his appreciation cultivated. He expresses himself in sound, literary English, without unnecessary ostentation of the terms of the schools. Yet he is far from that much more exasperating class of art critics who deal in flourishes of literary eloquence, from which nothing definite is to be learned—loose splotches of colour without definition. He is, in particular, almost an ideal critic of Velasquez; for, as he confesses, he is an impres-

sionist by temperament. You must, indeed, consequently allow for an avowed natural prejudice against what he calls decorative aim in painting (he gives unusual extension to the term so as to cover even the great Venetians); but he is large-mindedly conscious of this, and discounts it, endeavouring, so far as may be, to eliminate it from his general conclusions. To criticise Velasquez, assuredly a convinced impressionist is needful.

Spain is not a land of great ideals, of high spirituality: it has not developed the inner consciousness, like Germany; nor, like France, consummately cultivated the material consciousness. But it is the land where the sense of personal dignity has reached its loftiest expression. It is the land of the Hidalgo. It is the land of Quixote. A grave rhetoric characterises much of its literature and its art. Most appropriately, for final blossom of its art, it produced the founder of the personal style in painting, which we call Impressionism. The most modern of modern art has found in him its master and exemplar; for being concerned nowadays with ourselves, we needed an art which should teach us to see ourselves greatly. But the founder remains supreme. To go no further, his Spanish dignity gave an elevation to his seeing which is lacking in most modern impressionists, however masterly otherwise. The revolution he has worked in England, through such men as Whistler and Sargent, is great. It extends to the very teaching of our schools. The state of things which till lately prevailed, the piecemeal working and scrutiny of nature, is scathingly described by Mr. Stevenson:

Many people must have seen English painters who went out of their way to confuse their eyesight and destroy all unity of impression. Some begin a large landscape at the top of one corner, and finish it all the way down bit by bit. . . . These make a tunnel with their hands to shut out everything but the one patch of colour they are matching. These hold up white paper to gauge a value; these match tints upon a palette-knife held against the hues of nature; these cut holes in a card to look through; and these peep through their legs, their half-shut eyes, or into a small black mirror. . . . I have often seen men painting sunsets who would shade out the sky with a hat or hand that they might see what they were pleased to call the true colour of the ground. Of course, the grass instantly became of quite another colour to what it had been when the sky entered the painter's eyes at the same time. But they seemed unaware that they were painting by this process two quite different effects in one frame.

Mr. Ruskin, though aware that colours are altered by juxtaposition, is yet responsible for the cardboard device; as that great critic is responsible for many mistaken theories and practices. Wherein lay the originality of Velasquez? He sought his principle of unity in imitating the actual colour-relations of nature, seen and grasped as a whole, in their reciprocal interdependence. Whereas the painters with whom he may most nearly be compared studied things separately, and endeavoured to unify them either by a decorative system of colour-harmony and harmonies of line, like Rubens and the Venetians; or by *chiaroscuro*, like Rembrandt. It is in the Prado of Madrid, says Mr. Stevenson, that this supremacy of Velasquez can best be realised. There alone can his mature work be studied in bulk; and beside it even Rembrandt looks incomplete. In the Rembrandt group individually realistic figures are combined by an artificial harmony of *chiaroscuro*, slurring over the falsity of relative value. In Velasquez the group is united by a comprehensive perception of colour-values, studied not merely in their reciprocal effect, but as modified by the incidence of light on varying planes, and under varying conditions of atmospheric perspective. For it is obvious that even modelling is not a mere matter of light and dark, but a subtly-changing colour-pattern, caused by the numerous planes of surface. In the same way *chiaroscuro* and the effects of atmosphere reveal themselves by their effects on the value of colour. It is only artificially that we separate them, and in Velasquez they

are not separated. It is in this command of *values* that his power lies; and in the wonderfully trained gift of eye by which, in the most complex groups, he grasped such values whole and interdependent—not in carefully studied parts, which become false when they are arbitrarily assembled. For this reason, also, he is the first and greatest master of atmosphere, with its magical effects on the local qualities of colour—the quality which a coloured robe, for example, has, viewed merely from the milliner's standpoint.

Velasquez, therefore, not merely perceived these things most delicately, but perceived them with a single eye. And this, as opposed to the study of nature part by part, and the necessarily unrelated putting together of those parts (brought into a conventional relation by some arbitrary device of colour, line, or *chiaroscuro*), is what we understand by Impressionism. It also deserves that name because it is peculiarly dependent on the authority of the painter's personal way of sight—since no two temperaments perceive a given *ensemble* of relations alike. Nor must it be supposed that we use the term "conventional" in aught but a relative sense; that any art can do more than approximate to nature. Impressionism is simply a less conventional convention. It can become a very intolerable convention in the hands of those who lack the authoritative eye which—beyond all other methods of art—it exacts, and without which it is unjustified!

Velasquez himself (it is a point for the young impressionist in a hurry) neither attained this way of art, nor acquired the magisterial perfection of eye which made it possible, till the close of a crowded artistic life. He began by the severe study of nature, like the painters before him, and trained himself by successive attention to various powers of art, before he learned to combine and eliminate—combine all requisite powers, eliminate all aims unessential to his end. In the early "Forge of Vulcan" Mr. Stevenson finds him a student of modelling, after the style of Caravaggio, and relying on a brown medium for harmony of tone. In "The Topers" he shows strong realism as regards the individual figures, without true realism of relation. The bust of the young "Philip IV." has searching, but too rigid, drawing. Then he went to Italy, and came back enamoured of the Venetians, of Titian, and, above all, Tintoretto. With that began his middle period, marked by grand decorative aim and sometimes a more positive colour than he afterwards used. The "Surrender of Breda" is the masterpiece of this period; while in the National Gallery we have the fine "Admiral Pulido Pareja." Only in his third and latest period he put forth the great series of works which mark the attainment of his mature and impressionist ideal.

In their possession Madrid is rich, despite Cuba and Manila. Take, for example, the splendid "Las Meninas," which even in a small reproduction such as that of Mr. Stevenson's book gives some suggestion of what must be the glories of the original. A large, gloomy room in the palace, the foreground occupied by the little Infanta and her attendants: from the obscurity of the middle distance loom the figure of Velasquez himself on the left, and two others on the right; at the back a small mirror reflects the faces of the King and Queen; while still more remotely seen through an open door a courtier is drawing back a curtain. The effect produced with this material is superb. The foreground illumination is concentrated on the charming figure of the small Infanta, with wonderful dignity of result, yet without false lighting. This may be compared with certain modern pictures, where the same effect is trickily sought at the expense of all truth in light. The eye is led back with marvellous mystery and beauty through the successive planes of the dim spaces, till it comes to rest on the figure of the courtier—a mere fly on the window-pane, but singularly effective in his perspective setting. The most delicate atmosphere modulates everything. Nay, here as elsewhere, Mr. Stevenson shows that Velasquez employed atmosphere as a portion of the com-

position in a way unknown to the schools before him. The heads of the figures are low down, almost on a level, yet the canvas towers up above them; that upper space is filled with nothing but atmosphere. A darkness dimly populous with light engrosses it, producing all the effect of loftiest composition. It is not an accident of background, but an integral portion of the picture.

More capable of representation on a small scale is the full-length of the philosopher "Æsopus." "The most



ÆSOPUS.

cleverly handled of all Velasquez' heads," says Mr. Stevenson, "it is the one that best supports the legend of his swaggering dexterity in flourishing a paint-brush. It is a rough *impasto* woven into a most marvellously expressive texture, which is, unfortunately, quite unreplicable in illustrations." But the admirable character of the face, nevertheless, remains. Velasquez had no set handling. His brush-work alters with the mood and aim of the painting, differing with differently placed figures in one and the same picture. Let Mr. Stevenson describe a totally unlike handling in the little bust of "Philip IV." (Prado, 1080):

It may be noted for the sweet *finesse* of the modelling, the lovely black of the clothes, and a command of colour in close ranges so supreme that the local tints of the flesh

are preserved, and cannot anywhere be confounded with the soft iridescence of the luminous envelope. One feels that it goes beyond human powers in the intimacy of its modelling. It seems to challenge nature in finish, and one almost resents that art and nature should both triumph to this extent on the same canvas.

Hence more than any painter Velasquez can stand the terrible test of collective exhibition. There is no sameness; each painting is a fresh intention. Mr. Stevenson defends his habit in colour of dealing chiefly with the silvery play of light on wonderfully cadenced blacks, and his infrequent use of anything like bright colour. Perhaps it was not merely temperament. He may have felt that nature's brilliant effects did not lend themselves to subtle truth of value. Even Manet attains his results of intense light by a convention which is actually false, which relies on the fallaciousness of the human eye.

We cannot follow Mr. Stevenson through his searching and admirable analysis of Velasquez' art in all its nuances and problems. No painter involves more discussion of vital principles, and Mr. Stevenson handles his task luminously. The one little objection we have is a tendency to excessive illustration from other arts—always dangerous—which leads him at times into perilously omniscient assertion.

"That Old Little Crooked Souldier."

The Life and Campaigns of Alexander Leslie, First Earl of Leven. By Charles Sanford Terry, M.A. (Longmans, Green & Co. 16s.)

To read this book in conjunction with *The Legend of Montrose* is to realise what an enormous advantage the novelist has over the historian. From a few hints Scott built up



ALEXANDER LESLIE.
First Earl of Leven.

for us the immortal Dugald Dalgetty, the Scottish mercenary of the Thirty Years' War, with all his faults and foibles, good qualities and bad blended into a living human being. It is imagination, but it is more true than history. The Major lives with us still. Mr. Terry has the

same material to work on, but is too faithful and conscientious to make the best use of it. In history Leslie is but a name. When "the Solemn League and Covenant" was signed in Greyfriars' Churchyard, and King Charles in a rage swore "I will rather die than yield to these impertinent and damnable demands," there was called to take command of the insurgent forces "ane gentleman of base birth, borne in Balveny, who had servit long and fortunately in the Germane warris." He was close on threescore years of age, and for thirty years had, like Major Dalgetty, fought under Gustavus Adolphus, "bot," writes Baillie, "such was the wisdom and authoritie of that old little crooked souldier that all with ane incredible submission gave themselves to be guided by him, as if he had been Great Solyman."

Leslie's is a promising figure, but it remains waxwork—it never breathes the breath of life. Yet Mr. Terry has unearthed many romantic suggestions. Leslie may almost be said to have been born in the camp. His father was captain of the castle of Blair, in Athole; of his mother nothing is known, except that she was a "wench in Rannoch." Strangely enough, Mr. Hay Fleming has discovered the fact that this libertine captain, many a year after, when his son was already one of the veterans of Adolphus, "made an honest woman," as the Scotch say, of the erstwhile frail Rannoch lass. We say strangely, because there is but a bare chronicle of the event—it might appear natural enough if all the circumstances were known. Of the "little crooked old man" himself there is a half-length painting in Melville House, reproduced here as a frontispiece—it shows a portly little sexagenarian, almost foppishly got up in lace and ruffles, with pointed beard and curled moustache, and a miniature of the great Adolphus hanging on his breast; a sombre, quiet-looking face, showing little or no outward sign of the ability he must have possessed, since he outshone in valour and generalship all the crowd of Scottish cavaliers who sought their fortunes in Germany during the Thirty Years' War.

But he seems to have been a very illiterate man, and he who can neither write nor talk will soon fall a prey to oblivion. His letters and despatches must have been—as it is said he could barely write his own signature—dictated to a scribe or secretary; at any rate, they are very featureless productions, without a scintilla of originality or specific character. Nor is any pithy or memorable saying of his reported. The only event that seems ever to have developed in him a touch of emotion was the death of his great commander. At other times he seems to have kept his feelings well in hand. When his wife died he was too much engrossed in affairs to attend her funeral, and how and where he himself breathed his last remains a mystery.

In truth, Alexander Leslie, first Earl of Leven, was little more than a fighting machine, and it is absurd to institute any comparison, as was once the fashion, between him and his great rival, Oliver Cromwell, who was a statesman as well as a soldier. Lord Viscount Moore, probably, was not far from the mark when he observed to a couple of his friends "that the Earle of Leven's actions made not such a noyse in the world as those of Generall Leslie." Naturally at sixty a leader is apt to be more cautious and circumspect than he was a score of years before. And from first to last he appears to have been grasping and avaricious. He started in life at twenty penniless and illegitimate. But fortunes could be really picked up in the wars then. In 1640, says Mr. Terry, "a credulous intelligencer valued the clothes he went to church in at £2,000"—an exaggeration, no doubt; yet, even after a large discount has been made, evidence of wealth and ostentation. In 1635 he purchased the Barony of Balgoney, in Fife, and the lands of Craiginacat and East Nisbit, in Berwickshire. About the same time he acquired Bogilie from the Boswells of Balmuto, and in 1650 the estate of Inchmartin, in the Carse of Gowrie. Plainly, therefore, he had had his pickings in battle.

Numberless are the contemporary allusions to his love of plunder.

We can after all, then, frame some sort of picture of this soldier of fortune. Whether he got any further in his alphabet than "g," or not—and Lord Hailes has preserved a witty story to prove the negative—it is certain that he was totally destitute of "book-learn." That, as the parvenu's manner is, he delighted in outward pomp and show would be evident from his portrait, even if the jeers of his contemporaries had not been preserved; that he could be simple, quiet, and wise in council is equally evident from the conciliatory influence he exerted when in command of the hitherto discordant Scottish army.

It remains only to ask what he did—the most important question of all, perhaps; though what he was is the more interesting. Passing over the years of his service with Gustavus, we find that he justified the choice of him as a Scottish general by transforming the bands of Covenanters from a shapeless conglomeration of bands into a disciplined and effective military force. Among an army of zealot preachers and enthusiasts he had the advantage to be a practical soldier, accustomed to fight when he was commanded, and little moved by the cries of faction. At Duns he virtually compelled Charles to make a complete surrender; and he achieved his end bloodlessly by steady generalship. That was in 1639; and in 1640, at a very slight expenditure of fighting material at Newburn, he forced Conway and Astley to evacuate Newcastle, and gave England the Parliament "which so much was looked for, from which so much resulted." In 1644 "he cleared the North of the Royalist garrisons, and both planned and shared the victory of Marston Moor," says Mr. Terry. He himself, however, fled before the victory was won; "he galloped off the field, nor drew bridle till he reached Leeds," relates our author, following Somerville. Throughout the difficult crisis of 1645 he continued to hold the north with an army ill-clothed, ill-fed, and ill-paid.

On the whole, then, he may be described as a Dugald Dalgetty with the humour left out; a mercenary loyal to his paymasters; a crafty, skilful master of war, ready to go where he was sent, and to fight when he was bid, but, as far as we can see, destitute of any settled policy or conviction of his own: a mere machine for carrying out the ideas of others.

Mr. Terry's labours, however, are not to be wholly judged by this centre-piece of his picture. He has brought together a vast number of documents that illustrate the relationship between England and Scotland at a time when they were peculiarly interesting. In that way his book is a valuable addition to the literature of knowledge.

A Scourge for Players.

The Actor and his Art: Some Considerations of the Present Condition of the Stage. By Stanley Jones. (Downey & Co. 3s. 6d.)

MR. "STANLEY JONES" (whoever he may be) has audaciously lifted his stick and smashed the window of the enclosed chamber wherein the histrion resides. The free and biting wind of frank criticism rushes turbulently through that room from which hitherto even draughts have been excluded. Pouf! The very gods are blown over, and roll about helpless in this terrible breeze. The spectacle amuses; or rather one snatches a somewhat fearful joy from it. But one cannot help feeling sorry for the gods; one can scarcely resist a desire to set them on their feet and offer them the old accustomed worship. Such treatment of gods is at the least unusual, and—to them—surely incomprehensible. The owner of many a name mentioned in this witty book must have rubbed his eyes as he read, and asked himself whether or no he dreamt. And his uncertainty would be natural and proper, for it is

many years now since the Press entered tacitly into that agreement under which, in speaking of things histrionic, it always exaggerates praise, and diminishes blame to the vanishing point. That agreement, or convention, is one of the most curious and sacred "social contracts" that ever existed—sacred because the most fearless journalists, the most powerful newspapers, accept it as binding; curious because the Press does everything and gets nothing in return. How did it originate? Why should the Press exercise good nature for the pleasure of doing so? Why, if it is lenient to players, should it not extend the same leniency to dramatists? None seems to know. The only ascertained fact is, there is no bribery. *Apropos* of this, Mr. Jones quotes the saying of Sir Augustus Harris when he was once accused of trying to bribe the Press: "'Bribe the Press?' he said jocularly, 'I wish I could. For ten years I have been trying to find the way to do it.'" And Mr. Jones adds: "One might as well try to bribe the House of Commons." Which, though it is probably true, makes the matter all the more mysterious. Of course there are critics (a band *très select*) who ignore the widespread convention of kindness. It may be said that Mr. Stanley Jones is prominently one of these. His book is a wholesale attack on the modern stage, an attack which would be better if it were not contemptuous. In the main, without doubt, it is well founded, being based on two or three notorious truths. No one but a member of the theatrical profession would be likely to disagree with it seriously. Indeed, there are people who would call it trite and unnecessary—a rearrangement of common knowledge. For ourselves, we think that it can't do harm, and may do good—despite the statement of the *Athenæum* quoted by Mr. Jones, that "actors do not buy books connected with their profession, even if they buy books at all."

It was inevitable, we suppose, that Mr. Stanley Jones should direct the full force of his onslaught against the actor-manager. To those who would reform the stage, the actor-manager has always fulfilled the function of a red rag to a bull. The stage is in a rotten condition, says Mr. Jones in effect, and the reason is the actor-manager. The argument is that when the actor-manager acts and manages, the interests of dramatic and histrionic art are made subservient to his personal vanity and predilections:

The stage suffers in yet another way by the authority which the actor-manager exercises over the theatre. He regards himself as the principal factor in every piece in which he appears, and his choice of plays is thus restricted to such works as he finds suitable to his own individual peculiarities, or to such as his ambition (which is only a polite term for vanity) urges him to produce. Reversing the proper process, the common practice is now for an actor to adapt a play to himself instead of adapting himself to the play. The actor-manager, in nine cases out of ten, sits for his portrait. The actor who is his own manager is in a position to dictate terms, and the dramatist must accept his fate. Thus the elevation of the actor often means the degradation of the drama, for the dramatist is no longer free to follow his own inclinations, but must write, in nine cases out of ten, with an understanding of the aspirations and limitations of an actor-manager.

Here follow actual instances of the "degradation." And this is one. A manager—

declined a play in which there was too much of the heroine with the ingenuous remarks: "Where do I come in? I don't intend to produce plays with any woman in the leading part." In short, if some disinterested manager cannot be induced to change this policy, the heroine's diminished head will presently disappear altogether from the drama. Where, indeed, are the actresses?

Where, indeed? Where are Miss Alma Murray and Miss Elizabeth Robins? And where, except at intervals, is Mrs. Patrick Campbell?

But, though the actor-manager is indubitably human,

it is by no means proved that he is the primal cause of the puerility of the English stage. The drama, like every other art, flourishes and fades, fades and flourishes. But the ebb and flow of a nation's artistic imagination are not controlled by passing vogues in the internal economy of the theatre. We happen now to be at the ebb. Perhaps the tide has turned; perhaps it hasn't. In either case the existence of the actor-manager won't affect it—no more than Canute influenced another tide. And as with the art of drama, so with the art of histrionics. If we have only one great actor and two great actresses, that is not the fault of the actor-manager. The actor-manager has not killed off dramatists of genius or actors of genius. Had he done so, their graves would be notorious. Where are these suppressed dramatists, and these unacted masterpieces? They do not exist. The simple unaided fact of their existence would be too much for the serried ranks of all the actor-managers. It is a law of nature that fine work gets itself heard, in one way or another; and quickly too. We know that some of the leading London managements are again and again at their wit's end for a play, and we feel sure that in their extremity they would be willing to produce even a fine play. There never was a time when young dramatists had a better chance than to-day. Let a man write even a curtain-raiser that succeeds moderately, and within a week he will find on his breakfast-table offers from the first managers of the West End. He will get cables from America. And what is more, he will receive money down for work uncommenced. And this in an era of actor-managers! Further, all theatres are not under the sinister sway of the actor-manager. What of those others which are free from his bane? Mr. George Edwardes has scarcely advanced the cause of art, nor the Messrs. Gatti. Nor was Mr. Comyns Carr strikingly successful when he took the Comedy Theatre. The plain truth is that no machinery except the machinery which includes an actor-manager has proved capable of combining popular success with a moderate degree of artistic achievement. And let us remember that artistic achievement is valuable only in so far as it succeeds. Better not to play it at all than to play a masterpiece to empty seats. There is no virtue in mere performance. That actor-managers have made disinterested efforts on behalf of dramatic art is beyond dispute. Mr. George Alexander will not soon forget "The Divided Way" and "Guy Domville," but he need never be ashamed of them. Mr. Tree will not soon forget the French pantomime play which he produced with "The Seats of the Mighty"—an exquisite thing foredoomed, as he must have well known, to a reception far below zero in its frostiness.

We do not seek to defend the actor-manager from the charges which Mr. Stanley Jones brings against him. We only insist that to accuse him of being a serious obstacle to the rise of the drama, or a factor in its fall, is to confuse minor phenomena with first causes. We cannot but agree with Mr. Jones's strictures against actor-managers and actors generally. He says that actors are vain, unbusinesslike, too fond of publicity, and ignorant. As a class, they are: it is notorious, but it is *de rigueur* not to mention the fact. Of the ignorance of actors he gives an admirable instance, self-confessed by the late Edward Righton:

"When 'The Happy Land' was read to the artists"—I am quoting Mr. Righton's words—"few, if any of us, I am afraid, saw its real point. . . . Nobody is more ready for a genuine guffaw than an actor when he sees the gist of a joke, and I think the harshest thing that could be said of our want of penetration on that occasion was that we were none of us posted up in the politics of the day." We can find nothing harsher to say than that the author did not overrate the intelligence of the public in assuming them to be better informed than the actors. It is Mr. Righton who suggests, if I do not misunderstand him, that the actor does not share the common interest in public affairs.

Of the actor's lack of business qualities, of his vanity,

and of his "passion for publicity," nothing needs to be said. Anyone who has brushed the fringe of the theatre—anyone who has even sat among the "resting" players in the dress-circle on a first night—must be well aware of them, and most people will prefer to be silent about them. Mr. Jones, however, gives some extremely funny examples, with names and dates. He spares no one. Some of his quotations from the *Era* newspaper, the "actor's bible," are delicious, and the remarks of actors to kindly interviewers are not less amusing.

On the whole, though Mr. Jones is markedly personal, he is seldom offensive—or rather he would not be deemed offensive by a man of ordinary sensibilities. His wit is sometimes very pretty indeed, as when he says of Sir Henry Irving that he "is not the man to spoil the ship for a thousand-pounds' worth of tar." *The Actor and His Art*, we repeat, is a wholesale attack; we have touched only on parts of it. In our view it is a salutary work, but it would have been more salutary if Mr. Jones had supplemented his attack with a reasoned explanation of the phenomena involved.

A Preacher's Life.

A Preacher's Life: An Autobiography and an Album. By Joseph Parker. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

THE author says in his Preface: "It is impossible for any man to write exhaustively even his own biography." This is true, and it is a warning to the reader that he is not to expect a full, clear view of the minister of the City Temple. Many men do not understand their own lives, their own powers and influence; neither are they the best judges of the various forces which have contributed to their moral and mental development. For such to attempt to write their lives would be to court failure. To a certain extent Dr. Parker is one of these men. His autobiography by no means exhausts the subject, though it has a peculiar charm, freshness, and interest as coming from his own mind and pen.

Dr. Parker gives the frame-work of his outer career, and not more than a frame-work. He is a "Tyne child," and delights to tell of the place of his birth, and the home in which he spent his boyhood. He was born in Hexham, "with its venerable abbey, the hoary church of the parish which has outlasted the coming and the going of twelve hundred years." Those who watched over the spiritual well-being of the inhabitants were objects of intense interest to him in his boyhood. Strange to say, he was more friendly with the Rev. Michael Singleton, the Roman Catholic priest, than with the Rev. William Airey, "a large, sleek, well-to-do Protestant, who took the Reformation stipend quietly and diligently, and literally obeyed the Act of Uniformity without an intellectual spasm or tremour of misgiving."

His parents were not anonymous personages. The mother was tender, and had other eyes than those which belonged to the body, "saw visions and dreamt dreams"; and the father was strong in will, firm in principle, and held fast to views of the Supreme Being which no weak mind could have entertained. Under the paternal roof the public men of the village met in the evenings, when discussions took place on the gravest subjects. Religion had a firmer hold on the villagers than literature or politics, and its problems were examined at solemn consultations. Young Joseph Parker was an eager listener, and had his thoughts early turned in the direction of sacred themes. The formal education of the boy was irregular. He had three teachers, the first of whom "was, as to violence of temper, a fiend, notwithstanding which" the youth made progress in his studies, and became fit to be successor to his third schoolmaster.

I remember the circular, a prospectus in which I announced my succession to my former chief and teacher.

I called the school Ebenezer Seminary, though for what reason I have no recollection, possibly because the school-room was attached to the Independent Chapel, and therefore was supposed to have about it an odour of sanctity, and be worthy of a Bible name. I offered to teach grammar, algebra, Latin, Greek, and book-keeping by single and double entry, the prospectus concluding with the awe-inspiring words: "The conductor of Ebenezer Seminary does not undertake to supply his pupils with brains." This was frank on the part of a youth who was about nineteen years of age, yet the announcement enabled him to maintain the attitude of freezing reserve.

A youth with this spirit could not remain long at the task of endeavouring to teach children with or without brains. Soon he felt a burning desire to be a preacher. This grew with his years, and, as if by inspiration, he made the plunge, and became ere he was aware a popular preacher on the village green. Dr. Parker tells how he went to London when twenty-two years of age, and how he was received, trained by, and associated with the Rev. Dr. John Campbell, the leader of Congregationalism in those days, and one before whom few could stand. In 1853 he went to Banbury, then to Manchester in 1858, where he had a most successful pastorate, and received and accepted a call to London in 1869. What he has accomplished since then, first in the Poultry Chapel, and finally in the City Temple, is partially known. The author does not deal with this large subject, but leaves it for others to relate. It will doubtless be told one day, and will be a tale which, in some respects, is unrivalled in the history of the Nonconformist Churches of Britain.

Much of the value of this work lies in the history of the inner side of the author's life it portrays. The evangelical form of religion was the one which commended itself to his mind and heart, and in it, from earliest days, he had a firm belief. In a thoughtful chapter, Dr. Parker gives what he calls "the history of my soul," in which he explains the truths which inspired and sustained his ministry during all the years of its course.

Personally, I have accepted what is known as the evangelical interpretation of the Gospel, because I believe that the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, as evangelically interpreted, responds to more necessities and supplies better motives for service than any other conception of the Kingdom of God.

Though accepting this and making it the main feature of his preaching, Dr. Parker is not to be ranked with those who are frequently termed "Gospel Preachers." His Gospel takes in all the works, the ways, and the words of God. It is revealed in all the facts, dreams, visions, songs, prophecies, gospels and epistles of the Bible. Christ is to him the explanation of all things, and the Cross the fullest revelation of Christ. This faith, we are told, is secure, and "is no more endangered by the enlargement of lexicons and grammars than the moral purpose of life is impaired by climate, or the supremacy of conscience is modified by custom or language."

Dr. Parker is an Independent of Independents. He has never been anything else. If he had been an Episcopalian he would have given his bishop no end of trouble, and if he had been a Presbyterian he would seldom have been absent from the bar of the Synod or Assembly. He has much to say concerning the principles of Nonconformity and the practice of Nonconformists. It is with a sigh that he surveys Dissent in these days, and compares it with what it was sixty years ago.

Nonconformity has now slumberously evolved into milk and water, sold in large bottles labelled "Charity." What wonder that Nonconformity is anæsthetic, and tottering on its shivering pins? When I first knew it, Dissent was full of purpose, and a force to be reckoned with; now it lives too much on statistics and apologies. Once, if so much as a beast touched its mountain, it was thrust through with a dart. Now Dissent hobnobs with the opposition, and eats sandwiches in ecclesiastical picnics amidst the grieved solitudes of the Alps!

The volume is divided into three sections: the first, "Personal and Pastoral"; the second, "Literary and Controversial"; and the third, "An Album." In the last section there are "pen-and-ink" sketches of various public men, which abound with illustrative anecdotes and descriptions. Mr. Gladstone has the place of honour, and some interesting glimpses are given of that statesman. Here is a little picture:

When Henry Ward Beecher was my guest, Mr. Gladstone, who was then Prime Minister, wrote me a note asking that Mr. Beecher and myself would take breakfast with him at Downing-street. The illustrious preacher was only too glad, as was I myself, to have an opportunity of meeting the greatest man of England at close quarter. I can never forget the reception which Mr. Gladstone gave to his visitors, who mustered in considerable numbers and represented considerable variety of religious and political opinion. Judging by his manner, one would think that he had no experience of care or anxiety or worry of any kind. . . . Yet, on the very night of that day he and his Cabinet placed their resignation in the hands of the Queen.

Henry Ward Beecher, Thomas Binney, George Gilfillan, Norman Macleod, and R. W. Dale are in the author's Portrait Gallery. They are sketched by a steady hand and a genial heart. The chapter "An Irreparable Loss," in the first section, is a touching sketch of the author's wife, who was taken from him recently. To many this volume will prove a book of deep interest, especially to those who desire to understand the workings of this strong personality, who for more than half a century has addressed thousands of his fellow men on all that concerns their character, their life, and their destiny.

Other New Books.

JAMES HOGG.

BY SIR GEORGE DOUGLAS.

We suppose there are still a few English readers who read the *Noctes Ambrosianæ* and find it amusing, but Sir George Douglas points out that the *Noctes* created and perpetuated a very false impression of Hogg. It was a curious situation in which Hogg's rather weak vanity and good-humour placed him. Month by month he read in *Blackwood* dialogues in which he was made to utter sentiments which were as new to him as to the public. He bore each shock for the sake of the notoriety; but we are told that Mrs. Hogg, who survived her husband thirty-five years, was wont to express a wifely indignation when she recalled certain of the *Noctes*; and Hogg's daughter said that Wilson's Ettrick Shepherd was not "the Shepherd his own home knew."

As a poet Hogg had more sensitiveness than has been credited to him, or than his usual sturdy, easy-going nature might suggest. Witness these lines from *The Queen's Wake*:

Unknown to men of sordid heart,
What joys the poet's hopes impart;
Unknown, how his high soul is torn
By cold neglect, or canting scorn:
That meteor torch of mental light,
A breath can quench, or kindle bright.
Oft has that mind, which braved serene
The shafts of poverty and pain,
The Summer toil, the Winter blast,
Fallen victim to a frown at last.
Easy the boon he asks of thee;
O, spare his heart in courtesy!

Sir George Douglas has written a very sympathetic little biography which brings Hogg before us as he was—farmer, poet, and story-writer. Hogg's most triumphant gifts were his ability to invest a Scottish ghost story with reality, and in his humorous insight into rustic character. This little book is an excellent addition to the "Famous Scots" series. (Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. 1s. 6d.)

SIR JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS:
HIS ART AND INFLUENCE.

BY A. L. BALDRY.

WE are shortly to have a complete biography of Sir John Everett Millais by his son. Meanwhile there is no reason why competent critics should not deal with Millais's art and influence within smaller compass. Mr. A. L. Baldry gives us a great deal of information about Millais's



ST. AGNES'S EVE.

A Drawing by Sir John Millais from Tennyson's Poems, 1857.

long toil as a painter, and he emphasises the fact about which there can be least dispute—viz., Millais's genius for drawing. We are told that when, in 1838, the Duke of Sussex, presiding at the distribution of prizes by the Society of Arts, called for "Mr. Millais," the company were amazed to see a child in a pinafore come shyly forward to receive the silver medal for drawing from the antique. A born draughtsman, Millais soon showed that he had any amount of intelligence and imagination of a healthy English sort. His eye for colour was both correct and original, and the virility of the man was never absent from his work.

In short, Millais's powers were of a splendid order; but it is impossible to feel that they were ever co-ordinated by a lofty and all-embracing aim, or that they were ever marshalled to do the best work of which he was capable. The fact is, that Millais was a great, breezy Englishman, whose talent was allied to robust health rather than to any persuasion of his soul. He did his finest work when he was most under the discipline and in the company of men who did strictly meditate their rather thankless Muse. When he broke away, he became everything except a great or a lasting force. Mr. Baldry's treatment of Millais's defection from the Pre-Raphaelites is curious: "When he felt that he had the chance to extend his authority beyond the limits of a purely professional agitation, and to touch a larger public than would have been within his reach if he had continued only to advocate the extreme views that agreed well enough with his early enthusiasm, he very wisely did not waste his opportunity." That is to say, he prepared to paint "Bubbles."

On the whole, Mr. Baldry is on safer ground when

dealing with Millais's black-and-white work. This was nearly all produced under the Pre-Raphaelite influence. It is uniformly strong and careful, and the reproduction we give of one of Millais's illustrations to Tennyson's Poems, done in 1857, is as typical as any. (Bell & Sons. 7s. 6d. net)

THE ART OF THINKING.

BY T. SHARPER KNOWLSON.

WE do not wish to flout Mr. Knowlson. Every one of his pages is as modest as we could wish it to be. Still, we cannot help wondering why he is not Prime Minister of England. He purposes to teach the art of thought to anyone who reads his book. That necessarily implies an assumption on his part that he himself is a master of thought. Why, then, is this the first occasion on which we have heard his name? On any reasonable analogy, we are obliged to feel that he should by this time have been the peer of Plato and Lord Salisbury. As he is not, we have to seek for a reason why; and we find it in his book. Here is a sample of his didactic thinking:

We want men and women of all-round activities who will set apart an hour for thought's own sake, and thus fulfil the exhortation of a wise man whose practice it was to "sort his thoughts and label them." Such a habit would not only be good in itself: it would increase mental efficiency in every department of life. Mme. Swetchine says that to have ideas is to gather flowers; to think is to weave them into garlands. There could be no happier synonym for thinking than the word weaving—a putting together of the best products of observation, reading, experience, and travel, so as to represent a patterned whole, representing its design from the weaver's own mind. We have plenty of flowers; we want more garlands. We have libraries, books, and newspapers; we want more thinkers.

Do we, indeed? How are we to treat the brilliant creatures when they arrive? Are we to lay ourselves at their patent-leather feet, and say, "Great pundits, teach us, oh, teach us, to think"? How the deuce could they obey our imprecation? "Go to," they would say, if they answered us at all—"go to, ye groundlings: we are not masters of hedge-schools, nor are we philanthropists of any sort: we are sovereigns, some of us, and cabinet ministers (the others), and have no time to attend to you." That were the natural and proper answer. A man who thinks supremely does not teach the art to others. When Mr. Sharper Knowlson becomes the exception to that rule we shall listen to him with much regard. We hope that by that time he will have perceived that a flower is a thing more beautiful than a garland. That is to say, we hope he shall have become a thinker. (Warne. 2s. 6d.)

THE EUROPEAN TOUR.

BY GRANT ALLEN.

In this volume, with breathless haste and the utmost confidence, Mr. Allen instructs American and Colonial tourists how to get the best intellectual value from a visit to the old country and the Continent. The book is the completest piece of literary buttonholing we have ever seen. Mr. Allen holds his pupils and talks to them for three hundred pages. Nothing but the circumstance that the end of the work is reached puts an end to the amazing vivacity, vigour, knowledge, and dogmatism of this lightning Baedeker—this bovrilised Murray. Do this; go there; avoid this; on no account do that, says Mr. Allen, resorting for emphasis to various typographical devices. Here is a specimen passage:

Formerly Americans at least gave more time to Paris and less to London than is now usual. I think the older plan was the better one; the change is mostly due to social causes. "Fashionable" Americans who want to know marquises spend some months in London; other Americans who have too much good sense to desire such acquaintances follow their footsteps by pure habit. But if you will take my advice, you will go first to the Continent;

you can then return to London later, should you think it worth while. I am not afraid, however, that you will think it worth while; on the contrary, when you come to see how much there is to learn in France, Belgium, and (above all) Italy, you will thank me for having saved you from wasting your days in Piccadilly.

And here is another:

Don't go first to Rome. I regard that point as of so great importance that I will even repeat it in all the dignity of capitals: DON'T GO FIRST TO ROME. If you do, you will never so well understand Italy. To see Venice before you have seen Florence is a serious mistake; to see Rome before you have seen Florence is a fatal blunder.

Mr. Allen is quite aware that his advice is open to criticism. At the end of the London chapters he says so: "Let me add that in all this I am only pretending to give one man's view"; and the confession rather cuts the ground from the critic. It is, perhaps, as much as need be said about the book—that we find ourselves prepared to take Mr. Allen's advice more often than not. (Richards. 6s.)

Fiction.

The Path of a Star. By Sara Jeannette Duncan.
(Methuen. 6s.)

MRS. COTES is apparently no longer satisfied to portray the lighter side of life, the humours of travel, and comedy almost farcical in the ends of the earth. In *The Path of a Star* she has written a very serious study of Anglo-Indian manners. One cannot but admire such determined grappling with nature as is displayed on nearly every page of this novel. At the same time, the final impression which the book leaves is an impression of annoyance. For Mrs. Cotes's seriousness has played havoc with her clear fluency. Not only life, but language, must be taken like an orange and squeezed dry. She will use no word but she will extract the last drop of significance from it. And her sentences—let us here change the metaphor—are not permitted to shirk. They stagger under their loads of meaning and suggestion, and not infrequently is added unto them that last straw which breaks the camel's back. The first paragraph in the book is an example of Mrs. Cotes at her busiest with the English language. The result—there is only one adjective to describe the result: it is vicious. Meredithese raised to the *n*th power would not surpass in pain and difficulty some of Mrs. Cotes's most conscientious efforts after precision in the conveyance of a subtlety. Her feats in wrenching words away from their plain sense occasionally reduce one to the silence of awe. "The air was gay with the *dimpling* of piano notes." In the name of the New English Dictionary, what is this? Only a little further on is: "It's pay," she cried, with pleasure *dimpling* about her lips." One could guess at that, but the vision of piano notes by their dimpling adding gaiety to the air—it amazes!

Translate *The Path of a Star* into English, and you will find a carefully-stippled picture of Anglo-Indian life; not the laughter of Simla, but the frowns of Calcutta. There is a good deal of Indian Salvation Army in the tale. One of the heroines is a Salvation lass—Captain Laura Filbert, to wit. This portion of the novel appears to us to be the best. The minor character of Ensign Sand, a friend of the captain's, is drawn with distinction:

"What kind of meetin' did you have?" asked Mrs. Sand. "There—there now; he shall have his bottle, so he shall!"

"A beautiful meeting. Abraham Lincoln White, the Savannah negro, you know, came as a believer for the first time, and so did Miss Rozario from Whiteaway and Laidlaw's. We had such a happy time."

"What sort of collection?"

Laura opened a knotted handkerchief and counted out some copper coins.

"Only seven annas three pice! And you call that a good meeting! I don't believe you exhorted them to give!"

"Oh, I think I did!" Laura returned mechanically.

"Seven annas and three pice! And you know what the Commissioner wrote out about our last quarter's earnings! What did you say?"

"I said—I said the collection would now be taken up," Laura faltered.

"Oh dear! oh dear! Leopold, stop clawing me! Couldn't you think of anythin' more tellin' or more touchin' than that? Fever or no fever, it does not do for me to stay away from the regular meetin's. One thing is plain—he wasn't there!"

"Who?"

"Well, you've never told me his name, but I expect you've got your reasons." Mrs. Sand's tone was not arch, but slightly resentful. "I mean the gentleman that attends so regular and sits behind, under the window. A society man, I should say, to look at him, though the officers of this Army are no respecters of persons, and I don't suppose the Lord takes any notice of his clothes."

The Path of a Star has earned our respect. It represents high endeavour. It is desperately "meant." Some of it we have really enjoyed. Much of it we have struggled with. We hope that in her next novel Mrs. Cotes will be a little more lenient towards her native tongue.

The King's Mirror. By Anthony Hope.
(Methuen. 6s.)

IN some ways this is Mr. Hope's pleasantest work. It lacks the vivacity of the *Dolly Dialogues*, the incident and momentum of *The Prisoner of Zenda*, but it has a ripeness, a mellowness, a grave and agreeable humour to which those books do not pretend. We have an idea, as we read, that this, to a degree unapproached by his other stories, is Mr. Hope's own book. There is more of himself in it; he values it more highly; it is his *David Copperfield*, to borrow a phrase from Mr. Crockett's publishers. When a clever novelist turns aside from tickling the public, and produces his own book, it is almost certain to be good; and Mr. Hope being a very clever novelist, his own book, *The King's Mirror*, is very good indeed. We have read it with constant enjoyment and that subcutaneous smile which goes with the perusal of the gentle cynicisms of a witty yet kindly satirist. For Augustin of Forstadt, the king whose autobiography, or "mirror," is contained in this volume, is a figure of singular charm. We cannot quite away with memories of *Prince Otto* as we read him, and yet Mr. Hope stands on his own feet throughout, and squarely too. The king's boyhood, his youth, his gallantries, his enforced courtship, his friendships, his duel with the Radical journalist—all are related with a spirit and a humorous intelligence which it would be hard to overpraise. And the steps by which the enforced courtship becomes a congenial matter are made plain by exquisitely delicate touches. *The King's Mirror* is, so far, its author's best as well as pleasantest work. We expect to find it treasured on the bookshelves when the other stories that now stand to Mr. Hope's name are forgotten. It is a genuine contribution to serious fiction and, withal, a book of unflagging charm.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

THE DIARY OF A SUPERFLUOUS MAN. BY IVAN TURGENEV.

This is the thirteenth volume in Mrs. Garnett's translation of the Russian novelist. Two more are to follow, both made up of his short stories, and the work will be complete in December. In addition to the title story, the present volume contains: "A Tour in the Forest," "Yakov Pasinov," "Andrei Kolosov," and "A Correspondence." (Heinemann. 3s. 6d.)

THE HUMAN INTEREST.

BY VIOLET HUNT.

Here we have Miss Hunt's clever observation and unflinching wit directed to a study of a cultured circle in Newcastle-on-Tyne, where we find a solicitor's wife sighing her soul out for the delights of London, and hear Mrs. Poynder's heavy, satisfied voice, saying: "Give me Newcastle!" There is also a Newcastle "po-utt," who wears his hair "nearly as long as po-utts do in London." (Methuen. 6s.)

ADAM GRIGSON.

BY MRS. HENRY DE LA PASTURE.

A long and interesting novel by the author of *Deborah of Tod's*. It is a faithful study of character, and its general intention is an effort to work out the effects on family life of a mixing of classes by marriage. (Smith, Elder & Co. 6s.)

PRINCESS FEATHER.

BY A. C. INCHBOLD.

A novel of the school of Thomas Hardy. Not Wessex but Sussex is the background. Elizabeth Kemp, waiting-maid to Lady Apreece half a century ago, is the heroine, "Princess Feather" and "London Pride" being her name among the country folk; and the story tells of her luckless marriage to Michael Tagg, a masterful blackguard. It is a sombre book, introducing, unless we are much mistaken, a new writer of power. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

DANIEL WHYTE.

BY A. J. DAWSON.

A long and many-coloured life-story by the author of *Middle Greyness* and *Bismillah*. Daniel Whyte, who is a mere boy at the beginning of the book, after the good old-fashioned way, and grown man at the end of it, has a roving career—now at sea, now as a journalist, but always, in whatever circumstances, grave and self-contained. An interesting, mature work. (Methuen. 6s.)

LADY BARBARITY.

BY J. C. SNAITH.

A "romantic comedy," opening in 1746, and told in the first person by her ladyship in a very taking style. In the first chapter Lady Bab's father is preparing for death, and this is how he breaks the news to his daughter: "He laid his hand upon the Bible. 'Tis no secret, my dearest Bab, that Robert John, fifth Earl, your papa, never was an anchorite. He hath ta'en his fill of pleasure. He hath played his hazard, and with a zest both late and early; but now the candles sink, you see, and I believe they've called the carriage.' Again he laid his hand upon the Bible." (Ward, Lock & Co. 6s.)

THE TWO MISS JEFFREYS.

BY DAVID LYALL.

We have here fifteen short stories, which have only a slight connexion. They are full of the tender and humorous delineation of Scottish life which has marked Mr. Lyall's other books. (Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.)

TRICKS AND TRIALS.

BY CHRISTABEL COLERIDGE.

A quiet country-town story by the author of *Waynflete* and many other novels. On page 223 we read: "Crispin was not unaware that the idea might not be quite unwelcome to the Greenwoods." We have wrestled long with these negatives, and we have come to the conclusion that Crispin was aware that the idea would be welcome at the Greenwoods. (Hurst & Blackett. 6s.)

A PLASTER SAINT.

BY ANNIE EDWARDS.

The hero, the Rev. George Gervase, is the plaster saint, and we see how his weak and selfish success affected the women whom he met in his path. A clever little study of character, and thoroughly modern. (Chatto & Windus. 3s. 6d.)

THE HOUSE BY THE LOCK. BY MRS. C. N. WILLIAMSON.

A melodramatic story by a writer who is becoming steadily popular among those who like melodramatic stories. (Bowden. 6s.)

MISS MALEVOLENT.

ANON.

This novel, by the author of *The Hypocrite*, appears to be another of the increasing number of stories about real people. The author says it is not, but we cannot read his description of Guy Waye and believe this denial. It palpitates, as the saying is, with actuality, and would seem to have been written largely under the influence of *The Green Carnation*. The wit is, however, inferior. "The Egyptian Hall," says Mr. World, "fascinates me; it enters into my life. Ever since I first went there I have had two servants—one Masculine and the other Cook." (Greening. 3s. 6d.)

THE DOCTOR.

BY H. DE VERE STACPOOLE.

The doctor was Dr. Townsend, a character in his way—"the most placid old man in the world, with a fearful temper." The story is of him and his niece, Indiana Thinvile, who wrote a successful and audacious book, called *Wists*, under the pen name of John Sharpe. The doctor kept the book in his dressing-room beside his Bible. Mr. Stacpoole's tale is tragic, an odd mixture of real and conventional. (Unwin. 3s. 6d.)

MISS MARJORIE, OF SILVERMEAD. BY E. EVERETT-GREEN.

This is in every way a novel for young women, by a writer well accustomed to supply their needs. Miss Marjorie was Miss Marjorie Dacre, Aunt Marjorie, "the most delightful person in the world." Silvermead is also the most delightful place; and then for nearly four hundred crowded pages hearts are troubled and set right again, in an easy flow of narrative. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

THE WEIRD WELL.

BY MRS. ALEC McMILLAN.

"As the strains of the violins burst upon her ear, every dark and gloomy thought fled. In imagination she [Vera Polowski] was everything and nothing. She was in turn a spirit without a soul; a woman without pain. . . . Vera Polowski of stern reality ceased to exist. The Vera of musical imagination reigned supreme." This music was not at Bayreuth, nor at Covent Garden; it accompanied a three-and-sixpenny dinner at the Criterion. (Greening. 3s. 6d.)

HERONFORD.

BY S. R. KEIGHTLEY.

A romance of the Cassilis of Heronford. Family portraits, a family ghost, something of naval life, a secret marriage, a confession: such are a few of the elements of a picturesque and stirring story. The family scapegrace provokes his father to write: "A Cassilis might be mad, but he always went to the devil like a gentleman. He had never heard of any that had been hanged, but it seemed that his son was to bring the fashion into the family." (C. A. Pearson, Ltd. 6s.)

JAMES COPE.

BY CUTHBERT BARMBY.

The autobiography of a villainous district attorney. "The fact that I was district attorney at twenty-five will be quite sufficient to prove to anyone who knows anything of Western American life that I was a very smart young man, which is what I want to prove." He proves it to the hilt. We like the scene in which Jimmy reminds the judge in a private interview: "We came to make a scoop, and you are pledged to it, and dare not contradict me." (Ward, Lock & Co. 3s. 6d.)

BLADE-O'-GRASS.

BY B. L. FARJEON.

A tale of mean streets, and of two twin girls, Ruth and Blade o' Grass. Blade o' Grass receives her name from her capture of a few growing blades of grass in Stoney-alley, when grass was rather scarcer than it is in Holborn. How the girls went through life is the story, told in a vivid, hackneyed style, which produces everywhere such phrases as "remorseless Time," "breathless expectation," &c. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

THE ACADEMY.

Editorial and Publishing Offices, 43, Chancery-lane.

The ACADEMY will be sent post-free to every Annual Subscriber in the United Kingdom.

Price for One Issue, Threepence; postage One Halfpenny. Price for 52 issues, Thirteen Shillings; postage free.

Foreign Rates for Yearly Subscriptions 20s including postage.

American Agents for the ACADEMY: Brentano's, 31, Union-square, New York.

Miss Braddon.

An Enquiry.

THE great public is no fool. It is huge and simple and slow in mental processes, like a good-humoured giant; easy to please and grateful for diversion. But it has a keen sense of its own dignity; it will not be trifled with; it resents for ever the tongue in the cheek. When you address it you may turn aside your face to hide a smile; you may deceive it and continue to deceive it; but sooner or later—often sooner—the great mild-eyed public will awake to the disrespect. And then there is an end of you, for you are ignored. That is the only and sufficient punishment: the cut direct. This explains why many authors flourish and suddenly fade in the general esteem, though their work seems to a critical taste not to have worsened from its original mediocrity: they have been found out; the public is not mocked; and even now sundry glittering reputations are about to suffer extinction. It also explains why those popular authors who have never despised the public's shrewdness and dignity receive so great and permanent a reward. Among such authors to-day the foremost is Miss M. E. Braddon, affectionately known in a million homes as the contriver of *Lady Audley's Secret*. Miss Braddon is over sixty, she has written over sixty novels, and not once has she deviated from the narrow way of literary honesty; not once has she, by offering less than her best, presumed upon the fame of former successes. She has never been perfunctory, never spared her energies nor withheld her talent; she has given full measure and flowing over. And, while remembering the respect due to her tremendous patron, she has not forgotten that due to herself. Here is the foundation of her renown, which has been slowly built during a career of forty years. We are so accustomed to that renown that we may not, without consciously taking thought, realise its extent. Consider its universality, its uniqueness. It is a fact that there are thousands of tolerably educated English people who have never heard of Meredith, Hardy, Ibsen, Maeterlinck, Kipling, Barrie, Crockett; but you would travel far before you reached the zone where the name of Braddon failed of its recognition. Miss Braddon is part of England; she has woven herself into it; without her it would be different. This is no mere fanciful conceit. She is in the encyclopædias; she ought to be in the dictionaries, a common noun, for she stands for something which only schoolboys need ask to be defined.

So much for her position, in the national regard, to-day. To state the position is easier than to find the first cause of it in her books. Nevertheless that cause should be discoverable therein. One naturally turns to *Lady Audley's Secret*. Though this was not her first book, as is often supposed, it was her first, and perhaps her most brilliant, success. It appeared in 1862. Miss Braddon had been an acted playwright two years before that date, and she had also done novels. *Lady Audley's Secret* seems old-fashioned now. It refers to postillions and chariots, and Shoreditch Station (instead of Liverpool-street). The tone is often frankly religious. The hero always takes a pint of

sherry to his dinner. The champagne is Cliquot instead of Veuve Cliquot. Despite these marks of time upon its outer garment, the essential vitality of the novel is not yet expended. Clearly it was written with a full pen, and it still lives: it is not dust. In 1862 the plot may or may not have been original; it has been used a thousand times since. But it is a plot admirably adapted for a broad and simple sensationalism. Take a young and beautiful woman, golden-haired, amiable, exquisitely feminine. Surround her with every circumstance of happiness—a wealthy middle-aged husband, who worships her innocent simplicity; a fine old English home; the universal adoration of dependents. Then lift the edge of the curtain of the past, disclosing behind it the monstrous shadow of a crime. Slowly raise the curtain and raise it, till the full history of this enchanting creature, who at twenty has begun life again, stands dreadfully clear. That, save for a couple of minor passions, is the whole of *Lady Audley's Secret*. In two respects the book differs strangely from the usual sensational novel. The reader is never stretched on the rack of curiosity. "My lady's" guilt, and the nature of her secret, are made transparent from the first; nor can the reader reasonably doubt that the missing man is safely alive somewhere. Again, the ending is not entirely happy, and such happiness as occurs is by no means insisted upon. The story leaves, indeed, an effect of slight melancholy, for, while the reader is ultimately compelled to pity Lady Audley, she is not spared from a horrible fate. The modern newspaper syndicate, with its "finger on the public pulse," might have accepted *Lady Audley's Secret*; but it would certainly have returned it to the author for the addition of mystery and a more complete final happiness. Why, then, it may be asked, did *Lady Audley's Secret* so abundantly conquer the public? The answer to the question is: Partly by the slow and various ingenuity by which the crime is laid bare and the criminal convicted, but more by reason of the fulness and sincerity of the book's inspiration. The young author meant every line of it intensely, and neither her invention nor her vision ever flags. She is fecund, opulent in a certain sort of imagination. Indeed, I should hesitate to deny to Miss Braddon the title of artist. When, with a mind hypersensitised to receive critical impressions, I read *Lady Audley's Secret*, my chief feeling was one of surprise at its level excellence, its honesty, its fine disdain of trade tricks. And I was astonished, too, at the sound vigour of the writing. Miss Braddon might have been a notable stylist had she chosen; she has the essence of the matter. Not infrequently she strikes the true lyric note:

"He will do it," she said, between her set teeth; "he will do it, unless I get him into a lunatic asylum first; or unless—"

She did not finish the thought in words. She did not even think out the sentence; but some new and unnatural pulse in her heart seemed to beat out each separate syllable against her will.

The thought was this: "He will do it, unless some strange calamity befalls him and silences him for ever." The red blood flashed up into my lady's face with as sudden and transient a blaze as the flickering flame of a fire, and died as suddenly away, leaving her paler than winter snow. Her hands, which had before been locked convulsively together, fell apart and dropped heavily at her sides. She stopped in her rapid pacing to and fro—stopped as Lot's wife may have stopped, after that fatal backward glance at the perishing city, with every pulse slackening, with every drop of blood congealing in her veins in the terrible process that was to transform her from a woman into a statue.

Lady Audley stood still for about five minutes in that strangely statuesque attitude, her head erect, her eyes staring straight before her—staring far beyond the narrow boundary of her chamber wall, into dark distances of visionary horror.

That is English. Wilkie Collins could not have done it; Hugh Conway could not have done it; nor, I dare to

say, sundry greater men whom to name in this connexion would be to call forth a protest; nor any other living sensational writer. *Staring far beyond the narrow boundary of her chamber wall, into dark distances of visionary horror!* It is prose. It has the genuine vital impulse—the impulse which created *The Duchess of Malfi*, *Wuthering Heights*, and other masterpieces of dread.

Lady Audley's Secret is in Miss Braddon's early manner, and, though in some ways it remains unsurpassed by later work, she has developed in her middle and later periods a manner which is at once more elaborately skilful and more specially her own. In passing, I will point out that novels like *Ishmael* and *London Pride*, both historical, and of which the interest lies in character rather than event, stand apart from the body of her production. They are good novels, and more than a proof of versatility, but they are scarcely "Braddon." A good typical Braddon of the later period is *Rough Justice*, standing fifty-seventh in the catalogue of that uniform edition whose picture boards ornament the railway stations of three kingdoms. In the opening scene of *Rough Justice* Miss Braddon is precisely herself. The half gay, half melancholy bustle of the steamer's departure, and the unexpected joyous meeting of Arnold Wentworth and Mary Freeland, both young and alert and shrewd and clever and agreeable: these things, with the low-voiced hints of forgotten sins which will yet demand a penalty, are done with absolute precision of touch. Miss Braddon always likes her young characters, and she always paints them with a special verve. The whole chapter is steeped in the kindness, sagacity, and optimism which mark the author's temperament, and which constitute, apart from technical powers, the secret of her popularity. Miss Braddon is of those who have seen much, and have learnt charity therefrom. There is no narrowness in her. She has a heart which will contain the world; and she is aware of her world, she has studied it professionally for forty years. All has been fish that comes into the net of her memory. She is a Whiteley of actualities, and no matter what her story she can connect it closely with that which Mrs. Meynell has well called the "dailiness" of life. She knows. She knows the ways of prosecuting counsel at Bow-street, how lodgers bang doors, what game is shot in South Africa and the Dutch name of it and the name of the gun, how a ship leaves port, and how a guttersheet dies. This is another part of her attraction. She can take the morning paper and render it back again to the man in the street exquisitely transformed into something more agreeable, more gracious, and less disturbing. The man in the street reads *Rough Justice*, and says: "This is life, because I recognise the facts." And he is right in his way.

Rough Justice is a murder-mystery; Miss Braddon knows better now than to disclose her secret at the beginning. The interest of the tale turns on the detection of the murderer. At the start, of course, an innocent man is accused, but he is acquitted. It may be noted here that the concocter of crime-mysteries probably works backwards. Construct the actual crime and make it credible without being obvious; then construct a contemporaneous set of circumstances capable of offering an obvious solution, and disclose this first. The two chains of event need only touch at a single point; and that point is the Coincidence. The mystery-monger is entitled to one coincidence, not more. Miss Braddon seldom exceeds her allowance. Her constructions are full of ingenuity and resource. The retirement of the Inspector in *Rough Justice* is a piece of pure inspiration. It is necessary to observe particularly that Miss Braddon in her later books communicates the feeling of mystery not by means of atmosphere, but by means of contrasted facts plainly stated. There is fifty times more sense of mystery and apprehension in the night-picture of the crime on the cover than in the whole of the book itself. Miss Braddon, if I am not mistaken, abandoned early the machinery of "atmo-

spheres," which she used so effectively in *Lady Audley's Secret*. She was doubtless drawn towards facts as she grew older. The development must have assisted her popularity, for the great public prefers the concrete to the vague and suggestive.

Prosper Mérimée said that all the characters of Balzac, even the scullions, have genius. Similarly one may say that in all Miss Braddon's characters there is a certain quality of *comfortableness*; they do not irritate; whatever their vagaries, you know that a final appeal to their good sense and broad charity will not be in vain: there is something at the bottom of them. Miss Braddon has a vast embracing sympathy. Sin must be punished; the future must pay for the past; but, this being granted, let us have riches and bright tempers, and eat well and dress well, and live in glorious old mansions. The life of the English country house, with its luxurious solidity—with what unaffected satisfaction she describes it! Miss Braddon is human; she represents the best aspect of average humanity—that "ultimate decency" which resides somewhere in everyone. It is this quality which is the deepest root of her success. Probably she would not exchange it for the first-rate passionate imagination which she lacks, and which might have made her great.

E. A. B.

Travestyng Herbert Spencer.

PROF. WARD is looked upon as the rising light of the Cambridge School of Psychology, and the publication, under the title of *Naturalism and Agnosticism* (A. & C. Black), of the Gifford lectures which he delivered before the University of Aberdeen, has been regarded in certain quarters as a "light to lighten the Gentiles" in the wilderness of scientific darkness. People who want a champion to buttress up their particular "ism," are usually satisfied with very light doses of fact and argument, and have a marked preference for misrepresentation, ridicule, and abuse, and Prof. Ward reaches high latitudes as a special pleader. That his book should be regarded as a notable one and a splendid specimen of Cambridge modes of thought, is startling evidence of the strength and vitality of the *Damnosa haereditas* of early evolutionary days. The Professor states that he has aimed at discussing, in a popular way, certain "assumptions of modern science" which have led to a more or less tacit rejection of idealistic views of the world, for until an idealistic (i.e., spiritualistic) view of the world can be sustained, any exposition of theism is but wasted labour. He accordingly sets himself resolutely to the task of getting the "assumptions of science" out of the way so as to make room for theism. He has much to say about Tyndall, Huxley, and Darwin, and other big and honoured names—albeit that he strangely misses the point of their teaching. For they laboured to make it plain that evolution, as they understood it and taught it, was neither theistic nor anti-theistic, and that though it collided with certain theological theories, it was utterly incapable of explaining everything in the universe. They merely robbed people of a number of bogus shares and false bank-notes, and Huxley stoutly maintained that mechanical and teleological views were not, when stripped of certain unnecessary encumbrances, mutually exclusive.

But Mr. Herbert Spencer is the central figure in Prof. Ward's book, and we are clearly given to understand that all will be well with theism if only that distinguished philosopher can be got out of the way, and safely confined to what has been called his completely deserted "desert island." Those who travesty Mr. Spencer's teaching have of late had much to say about this "desert island," but Prof. Ward only half believes in its existence, for to him the author of Synthetic Philosophy is a veritable "datum

of consciousness," who, having launched his philosophic theory of evolution, cannot now be dismissed from the thoughts of men.

In assaulting Mr. Spencer's philosophy Prof. Ward has much to say about physics and metaphysics, and he has a flourish of theory and parade of phrases which will doubtless make an impression on the uninitiated. But he keeps the general reader steadily in view, and in order to preserve the unflagging attention of that important individual he indulges freely in personalities and question-begging epithets. His telling points, or what he considers such, all tell in one direction—namely, that he is a violent partisan, and so strongly biased that his verdict is utterly worthless. A few specimens will be sufficient to prompt the very pertinent question: "How is it possible for a writer who is moved by the feelings implied to present the views of an antagonist in a fair manner?" He makes much of what he considers utter affectation in Mr. Spencer for using in certain instances initial capital letters. He makes the following quotation from Mr. Spencer's *First Principles*, noting in parenthesis his disapproval: "By the persistence of Force (capital F) we really mean the persistence of some Power (capital P) which transcends our knowledge and conception. The manifestations as recurring in ourselves, or outside ourselves, do not persist, but that which persists is the Unknown Cause (capital again) of these manifestations." But surely Prof. Ward is here allowing animus to prompt him to enter a very absurd caveat. For by condemning the use of capitals in the cases just cited he allows us to infer that while "James Ward" may fitly be honoured with capitals, and while a fictitious character like the notorious Bill Sikes may be similarly honoured, it is improper that capitals should be used in naming the agency of which all things are manifestations. Here an initial small letter only is, it seems, appropriate, but in suggesting his belief in that appropriateness the Professor only too palpably gives himself away. But in his zeal to discredit Mr. Spencer Prof. Ward has other weapons in store. He quotes a portion of a letter by Darwin to John Fiske, in which the author of the *Origin* states that "Such parts of H. Spencer as I have read with care impress my mind with the idea of his inexhaustible wealth of suggestion but never convince me," and Prof. Ward leaves his readers to infer that that was Darwin's first, and last verdict about Spencer, than which nothing could be more unfair and even untrue. He might have remembered the appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober, and appealed from Darwin knowing little to Darwin knowing a great deal more. Had he done so he would have come across the memorable letter in which, addressing Spencer, Darwin states: "Everyone with eyes to see and ears to hear (the number, I fear, are not many) ought to bow the knee to you, and I for one do."

Then we are told that—

His [Spencer's] Synthetic Philosophy is made up of Hamilton's theory of the Unconditioned, of the physical theory of the conservation of energy, of the nebular hypothesis of Laplace, and of what used to be called the development hypothesis or the doctrine of the transmutation of species. The Darwinian form of this doctrine came too late to be satisfactorily incorporated in his system, still Mr. Spencer was not slow to turn it to account so far as he could.

This is simply "clotted nonsense," being an old piece of fiction with new and startling embellishments, which make one despair of "Cambridge modes of thought." But then fiction is such a useful weapon in controversy, and enables one to mount a chair and gesticulate with such marked effect that one is not surprised at the liberal use made of it by Prof. Ward.

But the great point in Prof. Ward's long indictment is what he calls the "missing two volumes," for the Professor has made the astounding discovery that the two volumes which ought to have been the base and bulwark

of Synthetic Philosophy are wanting, and without them the whole fabric falls to the ground as a tissue of absurdities. We first hear of this momentous affair in the preface, and from the preface onward we are never allowed to forget the missing articles, for, like the *borderneau* in the Dreyfus case, everything hangs on them. Says the Professor in his preface: "Mr. Spencer has blandly to confess that two volumes of his Synthetic Philosophy are missing, the volumes that should connect inorganic and biological evolution." Such a statement simply disfigures Prof. Ward's book, and Cambridge modes of thought must be in a bad way when fustian like this requires to be resorted to. For the statement implies that Mr. Spencer deliberately skipped two volumes because he dared not attempt them, than which nothing could be more untrue. At the very start, in 1860, Mr. Spencer stated that the application of his "First Principles" to inorganic nature would be passed over, because his system was too extensive without it, and because it was of more importance to interpret organic nature. It was thought absurd, and even insane, for one man, an invalid, to undertake the work mapped out at the beginning; now Prof. Ward reproaches Mr. Spencer for not making the scheme quite impossible by making it still more extensive. Mr. Spencer began his vast system with broken health, and from first to last the great question with him was not lack of ability to work out his theory all round and adequately elucidate it, but the fear, the ever present fear, that his health would utterly give way under the strain. But he struggled on, and at seventy-six years of age he more than completed his system as regards the number of volumes promised, and he fully completed it as regards exposition of views. So that the Professor's great discovery never meant anything of any consequence at any time, and is utterly meaningless now. But the missing two volumes play such a great part in Prof. Ward's indictment that the Professor must be allowed to state his charge more fully. He says (vol. i., pp. 262-3):

To be sure, Mr. Spencer tells us, when hard pressed by critics, that of the Synthetic Philosophy two volumes are missing—the two important volumes on inorganic evolution. "The closing chapters of the second of these volumes," he continues, "were it written, would deal with the evolution of organic matter—the step preceding the evolution of living forms. Habitually carrying with me in thought the contents of this unwritten chapter, I have, in some cases, expressed myself as though the reader had it before him, and have thus rendered some of my statements liable to misconception." Surely this is a statement not wanting in humour or in pathos! Who is the more to be pitied—the sympathetic readers who, through no fault of their own, as Mr. Spencer allows, have misunderstood, lacking as they have done for thirty-six years these two missing volumes of the stereotyped philosophy, or poor Mr. Spencer himself, with these unwritten volumes in his teeming brain, compelled all that time to see his statements misconstrued?

To all which the obvious answer is, "Fiddlesticks!" "Sympathetic readers" could not possibly have misunderstood Mr. Spencer, the misunderstanding being entirely on the part of hostile unsympathetic readers—men of the Cambridge school of thought, who have always pined to see Mr. Spencer dismissed into space. There was no waiting till hard pressed by critics to announce that two volumes were missing, the scheme of Synthetic Philosophy having been mapped out and detailed at the very beginning. Besides, inorganic evolution is not passed over, and there is nothing wanting. For—and this is what Prof. Ward altogether ignores—Mr. Spencer has, in his writings, told us all that is known about inorganic evolution, and, what is more to the point, he has told us all that need be known about inorganic evolution, for the purpose of elucidating his *First Principles*. He has demonstrated what, indeed, needs very little demonstration, that the earth having been once in a liquid state from excessive heat, there could then have been no living

matter upon it; and that, consequently, non-living matter must have been turned into living matter in accordance with natural laws. And believing firmly in evolutionary generation, and not in spontaneous generation, he has fully explained how he conceives that, after a period of chemical evolution, inorganic became organic matter, and was moulded into the simplest types. But Prof. Ward is so thoroughly unscientific as to be always thinking about the moulding of matter straight away into a Senior Wrangler or a Smith Prizeman; and, of course, Mr. Spencer is naturally regarded by him as a mere spinner of words and phrases. One smiles at Prof. Ward saying that the spectacle of Mr. Spencer carrying in his teeming brain the contents of two unwritten volumes is somewhat humorous, for the only thing humorous about it is the fact that Prof. Ward considers it humorous. For in stating that he carried about in his mind the contents of an unwritten book Mr. Spencer is simply saying that he had thought out his subject; and Prof. Ward would have done well to have carried in his mind for some years these Gifford Lectures before committing them to book form.

Space does not permit, and indeed it is not necessary for me to deal with what Prof. Ward believes to be the heart of his book, namely, mind, and the hopelessness of Mr. Spencer's mechanical views to solve that riddle. The Professor's final resting-point is in spiritualistic monism, but in working up to his goal he relies much on those old bogies "dead matter," "blind agnosticism," and "mechanical necessity." It is all the old, old story, which has become somewhat stale to the thorough-going Spencerian, for Mr. Spencer has from first to last made it clear that he recognises that the transcendent problem which the universe presents is utterly beyond him, and that in acknowledging his incompetence to grasp in thought the cause of all things he is displaying true humility and reverence. His pride is purely mythical. Pride and arrogance are more applicable to Prof. Ward and those who, like him, profess to know and explain everything. But the Professor has in the end a "bland confession" of his own to make, for, after quoting Mr. Spencer's reverent dictum that the cause of all things is beyond us, and that it is strange that men should consider the highest worship to lie in assimilating this cause, this object of their worship, to themselves, he says: "For my part I feel that there is only too much in religious and theological literature to justify this censure." This is a startling confession for such a partisan critic to make, and the subsequent efforts made to minimise it and explain it away only emphasise the conviction that the author has imperfectly grasped the chain of reasoning he professes to demolish. And as he fails to grasp the chain of reasoning, he fails also to realise that the new methods of explaining instead of ridiculing forms of belief, and the larger charity and toleration which have supplanted the barren negations of bygone days, are largely if not entirely the work of the man he so strangely misrepresents and misunderstands—Herbert Spencer.

WILLIAM C. MCBAIN.

To Poseidon.

CONCERNING Poseidon, a great God, I begin to sing: the shaker of the land and of the sea unharvested; God of the deep who holdeth Helicon and wide Ægæ. A double meed of honour have the Gods given thee, O Shaker of the Earth, to be tamer of horses and saviour of ships. Hail Prince, thou Girdler of the Earth, thou dark-haired God, and with kindly heart, O blessed one, do thou befriend the mariners.

From "Homeric Hymns," translated into Prose by Andrew Lang. (George Allen.)

Things Seen.

Magnetism.

EVERY cranny, every corner of the huge building was filled. From arena, from balconies, from galleries eager faces peered towards the platform upon which a number of black-coated gentlemen sat stiffly. He who was speaking had a sonorous voice: his many words rolled through the hall and—left us cold. Another followed; the next was a statistician. The fourth was genial. The fifth wore his learning like a flower. The sixth was minatory, and all had their subject pat; they made everything clear—but they were dull.

Through all those unimpassioned words that huge audience sat inarticulate, unemotional, sated. And there seemed little chance of entertainment, for the hands of the clock were drawing near to eleven, and the rain of worthy speakers went on—on—on. One by one the people trickled out. It seemed as if the evening would pass without a single thrill. But when at a quarter-past eleven "the little man" sprang to his feet shouting "Stop!" to those who were leaving, and with one comprehensive gesture took that great audience into his confidence and proceeded to play on them like a musician on an instrument, everything was changed. They gave themselves to him. It was as if some great beast had suddenly roused itself, crept from its lair, and opened its eyes on life. The thousands awoke; they left their seats; they waved handkerchiefs; they shouted; speaker and audience became one. It was amazing—that transformation from apathy to enthusiasm, that sudden, hysterical awakening of sympathy between speaker and hearers. It was enkindling to see the handkerchiefs flashing, and to hear the roar of approval.

A Social Experiment.

OPPOSITE me was seated a lady in black, with a little girl daintily dressed in green with a large hat, white gloves on her small hands, and white socks reaching half-way up her little round legs. Round the bandstand four or five ragged but merry children were playing: they were dragging an old go-cart of home make about. Presently the little girl in green tugged the lady's arm several times. Then the lady rose and pretended that she wanted to sit on the seat nearest which the children were playing. At that moment one of them, a little dirty-cheeked girl, was sitting, her legs jutting out, on the high seat; she was of the same age as the child in green, but was "carried out in rags." The little patrician went up to her, smiled very prettily, and put out her white-gloved hand to the little scrub, who took it shyly, not knowing what to do with so dainty a thing; but the little lady did not "patronise," and they talked. Then it was evident that a game of "catch" had been proposed, for the ragged little one ran off round the bandstand, with white socks in pursuit. The chase was a stern one, but white socks was fleet, and not to dishearten the fugitive timed to catch her just on the post. Then white socks ran off with rags in chase. White socks ran gently at first, but just as her playmate was drawing near she spurted like a little hare, eyes sparkling, curls blowing. She romped home, and reaching the seat looked round panting. The guttersnipe was hopelessly in the rear, and her small dirty face was threatening a sob; under-lip was trembling, brows were bent. She never reached "home," but instead, stopped, turned slowly on her heel, and, running up to her bigger brother, took hold of his hand. So ended the experiment.

The Amateur Critic.

[FROM time to time we receive letters from correspondents in praise or disapproval of books new and old. In future, for awhile, we propose to put a page of the ACADEMY at the service of the unprofessional critic. To this page we also invite our readers to contribute remarks on striking or curious passages which they may meet with in their ordinary reading. No communication, we would point out, must exceed 300 words.]

Walter Pater.

Admirers of Walter Pater's work must, I think, have often felt the want of an edition of his books in a convenient form. *Marius the Epicurean*, for instance, would make a most delightful holiday companion if it were issued in volumes of the size of the "Golden Treasury" series. I will not say in that series, lest it be thought that I want to popularise Mr. Pater; but in its present form, in two bulky octavo volumes, it is a formidable addition to one's luggage, more especially to the luggage of the enlightened cyclist or walking tourist. But there is a greater need, perhaps, of a good selection from his works. Much as volumes of selections are abused, it is very convenient to have a shelf of such volumes at hand for odd moments of reading. One can now put on the shelf prose selections from Hazlitt, Landor, Carlyle, Cardinal Newman, Thackeray, Matthew Arnold, and Mr. Ruskin—what a valuable addition would be a selection from the writings of Walter Pater! It would be interesting to hear what your readers have to say on this subject, and to see what extracts they would include in such a selection. I should not, for my part, care for mere paragraphs and sentences; I would ask for a few selected essays, such as:

"Du Bellay"	from <i>Renaissance Studies</i> .
"Rossetti"	" <i>Appreciations</i> .
"Wordsworth"	" "
"An Essay on Style"	" "
"A Prince of Court Painters"	" <i>Imaginary Portraits</i> .
"The Child in the House" ...	" <i>Macmillan's Magazine</i> .
"Cupid and Psyche"	" <i>Marius the Epicurean</i> .
"Marcus Aurelius"	" "
"The Supper Party"	" "
"A Selection"	" <i>Gaston de Latour</i> .

JOSEPH PORTER.

"Like an Angel from a Cloud."

In Mr. Gosse's *Life of Donne* there are some capital pages about Donne as a preacher. It was said that he had no message "to clouted shoon"; but this was in an age when, as Mr. Gosse says, "he preached best who with most austere isolation rose above the crowd, and remained supreme and irreproachable." Mr. Gosse quotes the peroration of Donne's second Prebend Sermon delivered in St. Paul's on January 29, 1626. This is a superb specimen of a kind of preaching which is no longer heard, or even attempted. Donne's subject was the triumph over death. This is how he ended:

As my soul shall not go towards heaven, but go by heaven to heaven, to the heaven of heavens, so the true joy of a good soul in this world is the very joy of heaven; and we go thither, not that being without joy, we might have joy infused into us, but that, as Christ says, *Our joy might be full*, perfected, sealed with an everlastingness; for, as He promises, *That no man shall take our joy from us*, so neither shall death itself take it away, nor so much as interrupt it, or discontinue it, but as in the face of death, when he lays hold upon me, and in the face of the devil, when he attempts me, I shall see the face of God (for everything shall be a glass, to reflect God upon me), so in the agonies of death, in the anguish of that dissolution, in the sorrows of that valediction, in the inexpressibleness of that transmigration, I shall have a joy, which shall no more evaporate, than myself shall evaporate, a joy, that shall pass up, and put on a more glorious garment above, and be joy superinvested in glory. Amen.

H. F.

Mr. Watson's Poems.

Opinions vary as to Mr. Watson's exact position among our poets; but there can be no doubt his place is a high one. To win a place in the foremost rank, a poet must either be able to delineate human nature in powerful, vigorous dramas, that fascinate the reader on account of the subtle analysis contained in them of the emotions and passions; or his soul must be ravished by the glory and the beauty of the world, and he must be able to express in majestic word-music the wonderful delight that he feels in the contemplation of nature.

Mr. Watson's chief claim to greatness consists in the fact that he possesses the second of the two gifts I have mentioned. He expresses his sense of the sublimity of nature in magnificent lyric outbursts of song, such as the "Ode in May" and "Hymn to the Sea." I should like to make some quotations here of considerable length, but space does not permit for more than this stanza from the former poem:

For of old the sun, our sire,
Came wooing the mother of men,
Earth, that was virgin then,
Vestal fire to his fire.
Silent her bosom and coy,
But the strong god sued and pressed;
And born of their starry nuptial joy
Are all that drink of her breast.

H. P. WRIGHT.

"Robinson Crusoe."

The other day, in an hour of unusual leisure, unusually vacant, I picked up my boy's copy of *Robinson Crusoe*, and read and read. I was a boy again. Alas, that it was only for an hour, and that since then I have been asking myself absurd adult questions about the book! However, boys do not read the ACADEMY, and behind their backs I would fain jot down a few thoughts. In what does the charm of *Robinson Crusoe* lie? Surely in a most singular and paradoxical economy of the two most necessary ingredients of great stories—truth to nature and literary art.

Defoe's economy of truth to nature is apparent when we consider what the real fate of a man must have been who for fifteen years lived alone on a desert island. He might adopt Crusoe's cheerful contrivances at first, but he would soon forget human speech, eat grass like Nebuchadnezzar, and decline into savagery or madness. Yet his situation is represented by Defoe as almost cheerful. As someone has said, Crusoe's long stay on the island produced in him only such mental suffering as might be due to a dull Sunday in Scotland. Defoe shows a like indifference to the artistic possibilities of the story. Charles Dickens marvelled that in all its pages there is nothing to make a man laugh or cry. If we consider what effects of humour or tragedy Dickens himself would have offered, or what a pile of philosophy Goethe would have dumped on Crusoe's foreshore, or what spectral and intolerable horrors Poe would have raised from that ocean prison, we shall see that Defoe's success—which is unchallenged—was won by a narrower set of powers than has gone to the making of any piece of fiction comparable to *Robinson Crusoe* in merit and fame.

Defoe, in fact, brought to his story little more than his wonderful circumstantial invention; and he was so little of an artist that he did not see that the story ends when Crusoe leaves his island and returns to England. But the tale thrives on its limitations. Men have cheerfully accepted a novel of human contrivance and homely wisdom in place of a novel of psychological insight and lofty tragedy. As for my boy, he would not barter a single passage from the Wreck, for all that a committee of novelists could add of poetry, or sentiment, or climax.

DELTA.

Memoirs of the Moment.

CARDINAL RICHELIEU and President Kruger! The association may seem far to seek. Yet President Kruger is, by his marriage, actually connected with the great Cardinal, whose name, as everyone knows, was Du Plessis. Kruger was a young man when he met and married a member of the Du Plessis family, the descendant of a French surgeon (the near relative of the Cardinal) who went to the Cape in the seventeenth century in the employment of the Dutch East India Company. An early death speedily deprived the President of his first wife, who was immediately followed to the grave by her only son. A little later he chose a second wife from the same family. The second Mrs. Kruger was, in fact, the niece of the first, the Dopper creed not disallowing marriages within these degrees of consanguinity. It was apropos of this marriage that General Joubert, who at one time had a keen dislike of President Kruger, made a jest in his imperfect English. The President, he said, was a man of "double du-plessity." By his second and still reigning wife, the President is the father of sixteen children.

I AM not at the moment aware of the first mention of "Dutch courage" in our literature. Perhaps the phrase comes merely from the habit of drinking Hollands, known of old among our own soldiers, before going into action. But the ironical allusion it has come to have to the courage of the Dutch has no place in history. From this week this phrase, as an imputer of cowardice to the Dutch, ought, one supposes, to be extinct.

OF Mr. Horatio Tennyson, whose death passes almost unnoted, there is little to be said, except that he was the youngest of the poet's company of brothers. His life was one of some difficulty from the beginning. He, too, had a temperament. When his time at South School was over he loitered and moped at Somersby, a good subject, as it seemed, for nothing in particular. His powers were not deficient, but he never opened a book. He read nature pretty well though, and his observation of men and women—the few he had met—was so penetrating that his brother Alfred begged him to go to his friend Tennant at Blackheath; whither he went accordingly. The next thing was that he wanted to enlist. The suggestion was a grief to his mother, and the lad was sent instead to try his fortune in Tasmania. The story of many a younger son in a large family was his—a somewhat sad one, where the mother outlives the father and has small means. Horatio Tennyson was to have a long life, if it was not a very merry one. Religion, as expressed by the Oxford Movement, caught him and held him tight. He felt the matter too much to be able to talk it over without too much heat with the Poet, between whom and himself, however, friendly, if intermittent, relations were always maintained, as many a visitor to the Poet in his later years who met Horatio at Aldworth will remember. In earlier days, too, he often visited Farringford. Lady Taylor used to tell the story of going into a room there one afternoon in dim light, and seeing a figure stretched at length upon a sofa. She addressed herself as to the Poet, but a correcting voice from the cushions came forth: "I'm Horatio, the most morbid of the Tennysons!"

LADY CLIFFORD, whose death took place in Cornwall-gardens, South Kensington, the other day, and who had reached the age of eighty, was a woman of decision. When she was Miss Hercy she accepted the suit of Mr. Charles Clifford—a tall suitor, by the way, for a girl whose height was that of Queen Victoria, whom in later years

she somewhat resembled otherwise as she drove in the Park. Mr. Clifford was the cadet of an ancient Roman Catholic family, who, having secured the promise of the lady of his choice, decided to seek for fortune in the Colonies. To New Zealand he went, with results which are pretty well known. His political life there ended in his being Speaker of the House of Representatives; but his own private, proudest boast in reference to his New Zealand career was that he had imported the first trout that were put into New Zealand waters, for the benefit of all future generations.

BEFORE his successes in New Zealand as politician and as land-owner, young Clifford had a time of suspense, during which he wrote home to the lady he had left behind him to tell her that he could not ask her to wait indefinitely, and to wish her happiness in her freedom. He waited her answer with anxiety: the mail came; and with it the lady herself. The marriage that at once signalled her courage was one of the happiest on record; and Sir Charles Clifford lived for some years to enjoy and to spend in London and at a country house in the Midlands the great wealth that came to him from his property in New Zealand. He was made a baronet in 1887, and was happy in his dignity. Yet it often seemed as if his old colonial habits and feelings had a predominant place in his affections. The last public meeting at which he spoke was one in connexion with a memorial to Cardinal Manning. There was a certain pathos in the old man's references throughout to the Archbishop of Westminster as the Archbishop of Wellington, the town of the Roman Catholic primacy in New Zealand.

THE enlargement of Hughenden Manor is, no doubt, the natural, if not the inevitable, consequence of the marriage of Mr. Coningsby Disraeli. Yet one regrets that the modesty of the mansion in which the grandiose statesman spent his happiest hours is lost thereby. He himself, man of contrasts as he was, loved the littleness of the place. All the greatness was in the associations, and particularly in that visit paid to him there by the Queen—a visit to which the greatest houses in Bucks could not aspire. If you cannot rival Stowe, and if you must be proud of something, you may as well put your pride in the very narrowness of your domain. Lord Beaconsfield did this with particular success. "Excuse the vanity of a landed proprietor," he used to say when he showed his few fields to men who owned immense territories. Hughenden will become more commonplace as it becomes more prosperous.

"GRADUALLY the wind freshened and veered until at west-south-west it was blowing a strong steady breeze, and, with all square-sail set, the old *Harrowby* was bowling along at a good eight knots for the Channel. Faithful as usual, this well-beloved wind to the homeward-bounder never relaxed its strenuous push until the changing hue of the water, plain for all men to see, told us that we were once more on the soundings. Oh, blessed sight, that never falls upon the deep-water sailor, the fading away of that deep fathomless blue which for so many, many weary watches has greeted the eye! Somehow or other, too, the green of the Channel of Old England has a different tint to any other sea-green. It is not a pretty colour, will not for a moment bear comparison with the blazing emerald of some tropical shores, but it looks welcome—it says home; and even the most homeless and hardened of shell-backs feels a deep complacency when it greets his usually unobservant eye."—From Frank T. Bullen's "*The Log of a Sea-Waif*."

Correspondence.

"The Howling Cheese."

SIR,—Your correspondent, Mr. F. W. Morris, draws attention to R. L. Stevenson's praise of Herman Melville's works, and deplores the fact of his books being strangely inaccessible. He suggests a sixpenny edition, which possibly might pay some enterprising publisher. Meantime, I may say that *Typee* can hardly be termed "inaccessible," as it is included in an admirable series of books called "The Sea Library," published by W. H. White & Co., Ltd., Edinburgh and London. *Typee* was issued only last year. The series includes Darwin's *Voyage* and that rare sea story by George Cupples, *The Green Hand*. The books are beautifully got up, and are excellent value at the money, 3s. and 3s. 6d., according to the bulk of the volume.

May I be allowed to add that the Amateur Critic column is a happy thought on the part of the editor, and is sure to give pleasure and profit to all your readers?—I am, &c.,
Glasgow: October 9, 1899. G. LINWOOD.

Omar Khayyám.

SIR,—The statement of an "American Omarian," quoted in your last issue, that the name "Omar" should be accented on the last syllable, contains just enough truth to be misleading. In the first place, it is by no means certain that "all Persian words" are accented upon the final syllable. According to Dr. Trumpp, who has written an exhaustive treatise upon the difficult subject of Persian accent, the final stress is confined to parts of Persia; in the second place, the name Omar is not Persian, but Arabic, and all Arabs accent it upon the first syllable. Just as the Parisian pronunciation of a French name would be understood by the educated all over Europe, whereas if anglicised it would be unintelligible out of our own country, and "bad form" in that, so this Arabic accentuation of the name Omar will not only pass muster anywhere in the East, but will everywhere, even in Persia, be looked upon as more refined than the local mispronunciation. As to Khayyám, of course the final accent is correct, whether in Arabic, Persian, or any other language.—I am, &c.,

JAMES PLATT, JUN.

London: October 9, 1899.

SIR,—In your issue of the 7th inst., in one of the paragraphs under the head of "The Literary Week," you note that an American "Omarian" would correct the ordinary pronunciation of the name "Omar" to "Umar." As far as the first syllable is concerned he is right; but there is, in fact, no second syllable in the word at all, the name really being 'Umr, with no vowel between the "m" and the "r." In your suggested division between sheep and goats those would certainly be the sheep who said "'Umr," while the goats would be those who called him "'Umar." Moreover, it is by no means the case that in almost all Persian words the accent, or stress, is on the second syllable. I could give you numberless words in which the contrary is the case, the stress depending more than anything else on the length (long or short) of the vowels in the syllables respectively, but not entirely on that even. For instance, in the word *shakhs*, "a certain person," the accent is on the first, although its vowel "a" is short and that of the second, "i," is long.—I am, &c.,

A. ROGERS (late Bombay Civil Service).

London: October 10, 1899.

"The Manifold Uses of the Adverb."

SIR,—I am afraid I must incur the contempt of "Simplicity Severe" and try and live it down, as I confess myself an admirer of the "Split Infinitive." I have never found any of the purists who could give a logical reason

for splitting the indicative and refusing to split the infinitive.

In my youth I learned in my catechism to say: "And I heartily thank my Heavenly Father." Why may I not now say my catechism taught me to heartily thank, &c., &c.?

Your correspondent lays down a rule that the proper place for the adverb is *immediately after the verb*. Is it? Let him try to arrange the following well-known line on his principle, and allow your readers to judge whether he has improved it:

"Slowly and sadly we laid him down."

Then he talks about the preposition at the end of the sentence being abolished; or, as he puts it, "done away with"! What is with?

The fact is, sir, that living languages cannot be tied up in the swaddling-clothes of grammatical rules, and speakers and writers will put adverbs where they are forcible, and that place, in many cases, is certainly *not immediately* after the verb. Does he generally say: "The father struck cruelly his son," instead of putting the adverb before the verb or after the object? Is he careful to say: "Whence do you come," instead of "where do you come from"? If so, I am sure he must afford to his friends considerable amusement.—I am, &c., J. W. K.

SIR,—"Simplicity Severe" writes in this week's ACADEMY that words "fail to adequately describe" his contempt for all who indulge in the pernicious practice of splitting infinitives.

The words I have quoted contain a split infinitive.

Is "Simplicity Severe" a humorist?—I am, &c.,

October 9, 1899.

EDGAR TURNER.

[Mr. Turner is certainly not a humorist if part of the equipment of a humorist be to discern humour in others.]

Misconceptions.

SIR,—Yet another bear story. My ten-year-old school-boy, preparing his lessons beside me one winter evening, asked what "lugging" meant.

I inquired the context.

"It's something bears do in a very cold country Mr. — was reading to us about to-day. It was a rather queer bit of poetry, and he read it because he said it was such a good description of winter."

The line that he remembered and thought queerest was:

When tom-bears lug into the hall.

Which was what Mr. — had seemed to say, the real line, of course, being

When Tom bears logs into the hall.

—I am, &c.,

October 9, 1899.

J. M. S. M.

SIR,—Your correspondence on the above has caused my thoughts to wing their way back over several decades. In imagination, I see myself as a child repeating the words of the Lord's Prayer as I understand them to fall from my mother's lips: "Our Father, shorten heaven." I was much exercised over this phrase as I grew older, but it was not till I could spell out the words in the Prayer Book that I learnt differently.—I am, &c.,

October 9, 1899.

G. A. E.

"The Little Panjandrum's Dodo."

SIR,—In the current number of the ACADEMY you give Mr. Farrow's new book, *The Little Panjandrum's Dodo*, as published by the S.P.C.K.

Will you kindly correct this mistake, as it will be issued this week by—Your, &c.,

London: October 9, 1899.

SKEFFINGTON & SON.

Our Prize Competitions.

Result of No. 3.

LAST week we printed, by way of supplement, a large number of publishers' announcements of the forthcoming season, and we asked our readers to pick from those what, in their opinion, promise to be (a) the two most interesting biographies, (b) the two most interesting works of history, (c) the two most interesting works of travel, (d) the two most interesting religious works, (e) the two most interesting novels, and (f) the two most interesting books for children.

A collation of the replies received show that the consensus of opinion is that the two biographies that promise most interest are:

The Life of Thomas Henry Huxley. By Leonard Huxley.
The Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson.* Edited by S. Colvin.

The two historical works that promise most interest are:

Lord Acton's General History of Modern Times.
Mr. Lang's History of Scotland.

The two works of travel that promise most interest are:

The Highest Andes. By E. A. FitzGerald.
In India. By G. W. Stevens.

The two religious works that promise most interest are:

The Encyclopedia Biblica.
Jowett's Doctrinal Sermons.

The two novels that promise most interest are:

Stalky & Co. By Rudyard Kipling.
Robert Orange. By John Oliver Hobbes.

And the two children's books that promise most interest are:

Mr. Lang's Red Book of Animal Stories.
Mr. Walter Crane's Blue Beard's Picture-Book.

One list contains as many as nine of these books, and this has been sent in by Mr. David Stott, 25, Westbourne-terrace-road, W., to whom, therefore, a cheque for a guinea has been sent. Mr. Stott's remaining three selections are Mr. Gosse's *Life and Letters of Donne*; *Church and Faith: Essays on the Teaching of the Church of England*; and Miss Upton's *Gollivogg in War*.

Replies received from: M. A. C., Cambridge; H. M. H., Clapham; S., Wymering; E. C. R., Leeds; L. A. P., Broomhill; C. A., Glasgow; E. M. C., London; H. J., London; R. F. M. H., Whitby; J. R. M., London; J. H. A., Cambridge; A. K. M., Dundee; A. S., London; G. E. B., Forest Gate; G. D., Horley; E. V. P., London; A. H., Blandford; L. C. J., Edinburgh; A. M. P., Lincoln; W. M. S., London; E. H., Didsbury; A. B., Headingley; H. T., Epsom; S. C., Brighton; H. A. M., London; C. J. B., Beckenham; J. L., Broughty Ferry; R. B. T. H. Q., London; D. E. B., London; J. T. S. K., Manchester; G. A. F., London (3); A. E. T., London; G. K. G., Stoke-on-Trent; C. D. T., Liverpool; L. K. H., Oxford; A. W. P., Tunbridge Wells; J. B. N., York; H. S. U., Chelsfield; T. C., Buxted; A. W. H., Heaton; H. G., London; T. E. J., Ipswich; A. D., Maidstone; S. B., Great Malvern; D. S., Glasgow; A. G., Forest Hill; A. Y., Blackburn; J. P., Glasgow; J. R. O., Glasgow; Y. P. S., London; E. R. J., Limerick; E. B., Liverpool; H. S., London; W. D., Edinburgh; E. U., London; B. H. B., Oxford; J. M. M., Glasgow; A. E. L., Stafford; J. S. L., Glasgow; G. R., Aberdeen.

Competition No. 4. (New Series.)

"Urbanus Sylvan," writing in the October *Cornhill* of his adventures by the summer sea, describes the poverty of the bookshelves in his rooms; and incidentally, referring to country inn libraries generally, suggests that the ACADEMY should ask its readers to name the best books for an inn to keep. The idea is a good one, and we offer a prize of a guinea to the best list of twenty books to stand on the shelves of a country inn. In this case we shall ourselves decide as to the winner, abandoning judgment by consensus of opinion.

RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, The ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Tuesday, October 17. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found in the third column of p. 440 or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. We wish to impress on competitors that the task of examining replies is much facilitated when one side only of the paper is written upon. It is also important that names and addresses should always be given: we cannot consider anonymous answers.

* Our contributor includes this with biography. But the work of biography proper which receives most votes is *The Life of Sir John Millais*.

Books Received.

Week ending Thursday, October 12.

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

Garrod (Rev. G. W.), First Epistle to the Thessalonians: Analysis and Notes	(Macmillan) net	2/6
Selborne (Earl of), The Catholic and Apostolic Church	(Macmillan)	6/0
Godet (F.), Introduction to the New Testament	(T. & T. Clark) net	6/0
Church and Faith. By Dr. Wace, Dean Farrar, and eleven others	(Blackwood) net	7/6

POETRY, &c.

Comte (Jules), La Revue de l'Art, Ancien et Moderne. Vol. VI., No. 31.	(Paris)	
Glencairn (Robert J.), Poems and Songs of Degrees	(Arnold) net	5/0
Segunda Parte Del Ingenioso Caballero Don Quixote de la Mancha. (Nutt)		

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Grey (Earl), Hubert Hervey: a Memoir	(Arnold)	7/6
Long (W. H.), Naval Yarns	(Gibbins)	6/0
Nys (Ernest), Researches in the History of Economics	(Black)	6/0
Fitzpatrick (J. P.), The Transvaal from Within	(Heinemann)	
Powell (Edgar) and Trevelyan (G. M.), The Peasants' Rising and the Lollards	(Longmans)	6/0
Graham (H. Grey), Social Life of Scotland in the Eighteenth Century (2 vols.) ..	(Black)	24/0
Gibbs (Philip), Founders of the Empire	(Cassell)	1/8
Oman (C. W.), England in the Nineteenth Century		3/6
Laurence (Perceval M.), Collectanea: Essays, Addresses, and Reviews	(Macmillan) net	10/0
Stevenson (F. S.), Robert Grosseteste	(Macmillan) net	10/0

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

Grey (Henry M.), In Moorish Captivity	(Arnold)	16/0
Bullen (Frank T.), A Log of a Sea-Wolf	(Smith, Elder)	8/6
Penfield (F. C.), Present-Day Egypt	(Macmillan) net	10/0
The Guide to South Africa, 1898-1900	(Sampson Low)	2/6

EDUCATIONAL.

Carpenter (G. R.), Elements of Rhetoric and English Composition	(The Macmillan Co.)	3/6
Collignon (Maxime), Manual of Mythology	(Grove)	7/6
Faust (Albert B.), Heine's Prose	(The Macmillan Co.)	3/6

JUVENILE.

Elmslie (Theodora), The Little Lady of Lavender. Third Edition	(Griffith, Farran & Co.)	3/6
Elmslie (Theodora), Black Puppy	(Griffith, Farran & Co.)	3/6
Ogden (Ruth), His Little Royal Highness	(Griffith, Farran & Co.)	3/4
Molesworth (Mrs.), The Old Pincushion	(Griffith, Farran & Co.)	3/6
Henty (G. A.), In Times of Peril	(Griffith, Farran & Co.)	3/6
Marshall (Emma), Cross Purposes	(Griffith, Farran & Co.)	5/0
Henty (G. A.), Out on the Pampas	(Griffith, Farran & Co.)	3/4
Kinston (W. H. G.), Our Soldiers	(Griffith, Farran & Co.)	2/6
Collingwood (Harry), The Castaways	(Griffith, Farran & Co.)	5/0
St. Leger (Hugh), Shipmates	(Griffith, Farran & Co.)	5/0
Prince (Val R.), Baby's Biography	(Simpkin, Marshall & Co.)	
Detmold (M. and E.), Pictures from Birdland	(Dent) net	5/0
Cox (Palmer), The Brownies Abroad	(Dunwin)	6/0
Moore (F.), Patty	(Church of England Temperance Society)	
Hagen (M. S.), Blot or Blessing? (Church of England Temperance Society)		
Wallace-Dunlop (M.), Fairies, Elves, and Flower-Babies	(Duckworth)	3/4
Charlesworth (M. L.), Ministering Children	(Ward, Lock)	1/0
Pedley (Ethel C.), Dot and the Kangaroo	(Burleigh) net	3/6
Fox (S. M.), Verses for Grannie	(Burleigh) net	3/6
Cook (Jane E.), The Sculptor Caught Napping	(Dent) net	2/6
Fairy Tales from Hans Christian Andersen. Translated by Mrs. E. Lucas	(Dent)	

S.P.C.K. PUBLICATIONS.

Lampin (C. Dudley), Mirango the Man-Eater.—Stacey (W. S.), Isaac Letterman's Daughter.—Macorley (C. Mary), The Children's Plan.—Lyster (Annette), Nancy's Portion.—Jackson (Alice F.), A Brave Girl.—Macorley (C. Mary), Rosie's Friend.—Helli (Nellie), Blind Robbie.—Carlson (Hope), For Church and King.—Herbert (M. J.), Rainy Days.—E. S. B., Jack Webster.—Shipton (Helen), A Masterful Man.—Wood (F. H.), Talitha's Weird Vision, and other Tales for Mothers' Meetings.—Clare (Austin), Out of the Net.—Weigall (C. E. C.), An Angel Unawares.—Mallandaine (C. E.), Grandfather's Secret.—Hunt (Violet B.), Egerton's Brother. And many other stories.		
Trotter (Captain L. J.), History of India. Revised Edition	(S.P.C.K.)	6/0
Gent (Geo. W.), Papers and Essays	(S.P.C.K.)	
Frankland (Percy Faraday), Our Secret Friends and Foes. Fourth Edition	(S.P.C.K.)	3/0
Rowse (Rev. T. N.), Historic Canterbury	(S.P.C.K.)	
Couchman (Mary), Homely Words for Young Servants	(S.P.C.K.)	0/6
Whitaker (G. H.), Confirmation and Communion	(S.P.C.K.)	1/0
Davids (T. W. Rhy), Buddhism. Eighteenth Thousand	(S.P.C.K.)	
Gregg (Rev. John A. F.), The Epistle of St. Clement	(S.P.C.K.)	1/0

MISCELLANEOUS.

Cope (Cyprian), Arabesques	(Smithers) net	14/0
Morton (Honour), From a Nurse's Note-Book	(Scientific Press)	
Dennis (John), Realms of Gold: A Book for Youthful Students of English Literature	(Richards)	3/3
Hand (Rev. J. E.) and Gore (Rev. Charles), Good Citizenship	(Allen)	
Stall (S.), What a Young Husband Ought to Know	(Briggs) net	6/0
Lefebvre (Ernest), Embroidery and Lace	(Grevell)	7/6
Lily (W. S.), First Principles in Politics	(Murray)	14/0
London University Guide, 1899-1900	(Univ. Coll. Press)	

NEW EDITIONS.

Christie (R. C.), Etienne Dolet: The Martyr of the Renaissance (1508-1546) ..	(Macmillan) net	10/0
---	-----------------	------

** New Novels are acknowledged elsewhere.

The Autumn Lists.

THE following Lists of Autumn Announcements were unavoidably omitted from our Supplement last week.

Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Lowell (J. R.), Impressions of Spain	5/0
Andrews (S. J.), God's Revelation of Himself to Men	7/6
Bascom (John), Growth of Nationality in the United States	
Farrington (M. V.), Tales of King Arthur and His Knights	3/6
Hubbard (E.), Little Journeys to the Homes of Eminent Painters	6/0
Reed (Myrtle), Love-Letters of a Musician	
Schwartz (Julia A.), Vassar Studies	3/6
Barnes (J.), A Life of Paul Jones	
Butler (C. H.), History of the Territorial Expansion of the United States	
Blok (Prof. P. J.), History of the People of the Netherlands. Vol. II	12/6
Davis (L. D.), Ornamental Shrubs	15/0
Woolf (M. A.), Sketches of Lowly Life in a Great City	
Hamp (S. F.), The Treasure of Mushroom Rock	5/0
Dalton (Capt. Davis), How to Swim	3/6
Tyler (Moses C.), A Century of American Statesmen. 4 vols.	
Wheeler (C. G.), Wood-Working for Beginners	
Harland (Marion), Literary Hearthstones. Vols. I. & II: Charlotte Brontë and William Cowper. Vols. III. & IV: Hannah More and John Knox	5/0
Ragozin (Z. A.), Frithjof the Viking and Roland the Paladin	3/6
Budde (Karl), The Religion of the Hebrews in Pre-Exile Days	6/0
Brooks (Noah), General Henry Knox	6/0
Livingston (W. F.), Israel Putnam	6/0
Dana (J. M.), The Wider View: a Search for Truth	
Lee (Guy C.), Principles of Public Speaking	
Savage (Minot J.), Life Beyond Death	
Wilson (T.), The True History of Bluebeard: a Contribution to Folk-Lore	
Heroes of the Nations: Bismarck and the New German Empire, by J. W. Headlam. — Charlemagne, by H. W. C. Davis. — Alexander the Great, by B. I. Wheeler	5/0
Smith (Justin), The Troubadours at Home	25/0
Heroes of the Reformation: Desiderius Erasmus, by Ephraim Emerton. — Theodore Beza, by H. M. Baird	6/0
Champany (E. W.), Romance of the Feudal Chateaux	
Powell (Lyman P.), Historic Towns of the Middle States	15/0
Hunt (G.), The Writings of James Madison	21/0
Harland (Marion), More Colonial Homesteads and Their Stories	12/6
Hitchcock (Mary E.), Two Women in the Klondike	12/6
Benjamin (Park), The U.S. Naval Academy	
Raymond (George L.), Proportion and Harmony in Life and Colour	
Cragin (Belle S.), Our Insect Friends and Foes	7/6
Adams (Rev. S. C.), Nature Studies in Berkshire	18/0
Blanchan (Neltje), Birds that Hunt and are Hunted	10/6

Messrs. Wells, Gardner, Darton & Co.

Williams (Rev. Watkin W.), Resources and Responsibilities	
Manning (Cardinal), The Teaching of Christ	
Hopkins (Ellice), The Power of Womanhood; or, Mothers and Sons	
Shaylor (Joseph), Saunterings in Bookland and Gleanings by the Way	
Robinson (Rev. F. Douglas), Baptized with His Baptism: a Manual for the Sick	
Ottley (Henry Bickersteth), Christ in the City	
Adderley (The Rev. Hon. James), Salvation by Jesus	
Annual Volumes: The Commonwealth. — Goodwill. — Mothers in Council. — Sunday Reading for the Young. — Chatterbox. — Chatterbox Christmas-Box. — Friendly Leaves. — The Prize. — The Young Standard Bearer. — Darton's Leading Strings	

JUVENILE.

Newbolt (Henry), Stories from Froissart	
National Rhymes of the Nursery. Introduction by George Saintsbury. Illustrations by Gordon Browne	

Heddlie (Ethel F.), Marget at the Manse	
Allen (Phoebe), Playing at Botany	
Allen (Phoebe), Jack and Jill's Journey	
A Nobody's Scrap Book. By the Author and Artist of "Nonsense"	
Mitchell (Edmund), Chickabiddy Stories	
Austin (Stella), Tom the Hero	
Etc., Etc.	

FICTION.

Maitland (Alfred L.), I Lived as I Listed	
---	--

Messrs. F. V. White & Co.

FICTION.

Winter (John Strange), A Name to Conjure With	6/0
Le Queux (William), The Bond of Black	6/0
Alexander (Mrs.), The Stepmother	6/0
Sergeant (Adeline), Blake of Oriel	6/0
Stables (Gordon), Annie o' the Banks o' Dee	6/0
Griffith (George), Brothers of the Chain	6/0
Marryat (Florence), The Folly of Alison	6/0
Meade (Mrs. L. T.), The Wooing of Monica	6/0
Riddell (Mrs. J. H.), Fair Abbotsmead	6/0
Cleeve (Lucas), Decree Absolute	6/0
Boothby (Guy), A Sailor's Bride. With Illustrations	5/0
Mitford (Bertram), John Ames, Native Commissioner	3/6
Nisbet (Hume), The Revenge of Valerie	3/6

Messrs. Williams & Norgate.

Harbuck (Dr. Adolph), History of Dogma. (Completion.) Vol. VII	
Lubbock (Sir John), Prehistoric Times, as Illustrated by Ancient Remains and the Manners of Modern Savages. Sixth Edition	
A Free Inquiry into the Origin of the Fourth Gospel. This is written anonymously by a Cambridge man, and the object of the author is to set forth the discovery of the real author of the Fourth Gospel, which has hitherto been erroneously attributed to the Apostle John	
Campbell (Rev. Colin), The First Three Gospels in Greek. Second Edition. Arranged in parallel columns.	
Some new Faraday Correspondence is also in the press. The great scientist corresponded a good deal with another distinguished scientist, Prof. Schoenbein, of Basle. The letters which passed between them have been edited by Prof. Kahlbaum, also of Basle.	

Messrs. Greening & Co., Ltd.

In addition to the books given last week, Messrs. Greening & Co. announce:

Green (Percy R.), A History of Nursery Rhymes	4/0
Monkshood (G. F.), Woman and the Wits	2/6
Scott (Clement), Some Famous Hamlets	3/6
Masterpiece Library: Vathek, by Geo. Beckford. — Asmodeus, by Le Sage. — Ringan Gilhaize, by John Galt. — Russelas, by Dr. Johnson. — The Epicurean, by Thomas Moore.	

FICTION.

Orzeszko (Mdm.), An Obscure Apostle	6/0
Brémont (Anna, Comtesse de), A Son of Africa	6/0
Speight (T. W.), Mora: One Woman's History	6/0
Milicite (Helen), A Girl of the North: a Tale of London and Canada	6/0
Bradshaw (Mrs. Albert S.), Ashes Tell no Tales	6/0
Sadleir (Marie M.), Such is the Law	6/0
Reade (Compton), Fetters of Fire. A Dramatic Tale	6/0
Adams (Herbert), A Virtue of Necessity	6/0
Golsworthy (Arnold), A Cry in the Night	6/0
Coutts (Tristram), A Comedy of Temptation	3/6
M'Millan (Mrs. Alec), The Weird Well	3/6
Thompson (Creswick J.), Zoroastro: an Historical Romance	3/6
Hall (Sydney), The Temptation of Edith Watson	3/6
Brémont (Anna, Comtesse de), The Gentleman Digger	3/6
Kennedy (Bart.), A Man Adrift	6/0

JUVENILE.

Grayl (Druid), The Pillypingle Pastorals	3/6
Grayl (Druid), Nonsense Numbers and Jocular Jingles	5/0
Fitz-Gerald (S. J. A.), The Grand Panjandrum	3/6

CATALOGUES.

WILLIAMS & NORGATE,
IMPORTERS OF FOREIGN BOOKS,
14, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, 20, South Frederick St.
Edinburgh, and 7, Broad Street, Oxford.

CATALOGUES post free on application.

FOREIGN BOOKS and PERIODICALS
promptly supplied on moderate terms.
CATALOGUES on application.

DULAU & CO., 27, SOHO SQUARE

BOOKS WANTED.—25s. each offered for
"Life of John Mytton," 1835—Collyns' "Wild Red Deer,"
1862—"Old English Squire," 1821—"Progress of a Midshipman,"
1829—"Shirley Deer Parks," 1867—"Tom Raw the Griffin," 1828
—"Trials for Adultery," 7 vols., 1791—"Warwickshire Hunt," 1828
—"Freer's "Last Decade," 2 vols., 1893—"Desperate
Remedies," 3 vols., 1871—"Fair of Blue Eyes," 3 vols., 1873—
—"Lorna Doone," 3 vols., 1869. Rare Books supplied State
Wants.—BAKER'S GREAT BOOKSHOP, BIRMINGHAM.

IMPORTANT.—PRINTING AND PUBLISHING.

NEWSPAPERS, MAGAZINES, BOOKS, &c.
—KING, SELL & RAILTON, Limited, high-class
Printers and Publishers, 12, Gough Square, 4, Bolt Court, Fleet
Street, E.C., have specially-built Rotary and other fast Machines
for printing illustrated or other Publications and specially-built
Machines for fast folding and covering 8, 16, 24, or 32-page
Journals at one operation.
Advice and assistance given to anyone wishing to commence
New Journals.
Facilities upon the premises for Editorial Offices free. Adver-
tising and Publishing Departments conducted.
Telephone 65121. Telegraph "Africanism, London."

TYPE-WRITING promptly and accurately
done. 10d. per 1,000 words. Simplex and references.
Multi-Copies.—Address: Miss E. M., 18, Mortimer Crescent, N.W.

ESTABLISHED 1831.

BIRKBECK BANK,
Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London.

TWO-AND-A-HALF per CENT. INTEREST allowed on
DEPOSITS repayable on demand.

TWO per CENT. on CURRENT ACCOUNTS, on the mini-
mum monthly balances, when not drawn below £100.

STOCKS, SHARES, and ANNUITIES purchased and sold.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT.

For the encouragement of Thrift the Bank receives small sums
on deposit and allows interest monthly on each completed £1.

BIRKBECK BUILDING SOCIETY.

HOW TO PURCHASE A HOUSE
FOR TWO GUINEAS PER MONTH.

BIRKBECK FREEHOLD LAND SOCIETY.
HOW TO PURCHASE A PLOT OF LAND
FOR FIVE SHILLINGS PER MONTH.

The BIRKBECK ALMANACK, with full particulars, post free
FRANCIS RAVENSCROFT, Manager.

A CHARMING GIFT BOOK!

6s., claret roan, gilt, Illustrated.

LONDON IN THE TIME OF THE DIAMOND JUBILEE.

London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co. Llangollen: Darlington & Co.

DARLINGTON'S HANDBOOKS.

Edited by RALPH DARLINGTON, F.R.G.S. Maps by BARTHOLOMEW.

Fcap. 8vo. ONE SHILLING EACH. Illustrated.

THE VALE of LLANGOLLEN.—With Special Contributions from His Excellency E. J.
PHELPS, late American Minister; Professor JOHN RUSKIN, LL.D.; ROBERT BROWNING;
A. W. KINGLAKE, and Sir THEODORE MARTIN, K.C.B.

BOURNMOUTH and NEW FOREST.

THE NORTH WALES COAST.

BRECON and its BEACONS.

ROSS, TINTERN, and CHEPSTOW.

BRISTOL, BATH, WELLS, and WESTON-SUPER-MARE.

BRIGHTON, EASTBOURNE, HASTINGS, and ST. LEONARDS.

LLANDUDNO, RHYL, BANGOR, BETTWSYCOED, and SNOWDON.

ABERYSTWYTH, BARMOUTH, MACHYNLLETH, and ABERDOVEY.

BARMOUTH, DOLGELLY, HARLECH, CRICCIETH, and PWLLHELL.

MALVERN, HEREFORD, WORCESTER, GLOUCESTER, and CHELTENHAM.

LLANDRINDOD WELLS and the SPAS of MID-WALES.

1s.—**THE HOTELS of the WORLD.** A Handbook to the leading hotels throughout
the world.

"What would not the intelligent tourist in Paris or Rome give for such a guide-book as this, which
teaches so much that is outside the usual scope of such volumes!"—*The Times*.
"The best Handbook to London ever issued."—*Liverpool Daily Post*.

SECOND EDITION, ENLARGED, 5s.—60 Illustrations, 24 Maps and Plans.

LONDON AND ENVIRONS

By E. C. COOK and E. T. COOK, M.A.

With an additional Index of 4,500 References to all Streets and Places of Interest.

Llangollen: DARLINGTON & CO.

London: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, HAMILTON, KENT, & Co., Ltd., The Railway Bookstalls, and all Booksellers.

LONDON LIBRARY,

ST. JAMES'S SQUARE, S.W.

PATRON—H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES, K.G.

PRESIDENT—LESLIE STEPHEN, Esq.

VICE-PRESIDENTS—The Right Hon. A. J. BALFOUR, M.P., the
Right Rev. the LORD BISHOP of LONDON, HERBERT
SPENCER, Esq.; the Right Hon. W. E. H. LECKY, M.P.,
D.C.L.

TAUSTEZE—Right Hon. Sir M. GRANT DUFF, Right Hon.
Sir JOHN LUBBOCK, Bart., M.P., Right Hon. EARL of
ROSEBURY.

The Library contains about 200,000 Volumes of Ancient and
Modern Literature, in Various Languages. Subscription, £3
a year; Life-Membership, according to age. Fifteen Volumes
are allowed to Country and Ten to Town Members. Reading
Room Open till half-past 6. CATALOGUE, Fifth Edition,
2 vols., royal 8vo, price 21s.; to Members, 16s.

C. T. HAGBERG WRIGHT, LL.D.,
Secretary and Librarian.

MUDIE'S LIBRARY

(LIMITED),

For the CIRCULATION and SALE of
all the BEST

ENGLISH, FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN,
SPANISH, and RUSSIAN BOOKS.

TOWN SUBSCRIPTIONS from ONE GUINEA
per annum.

LONDON BOOK SOCIETY (for weekly exchange of Books
at the houses of Subscribers) from TWO GUINEAS per annum.

COUNTRY SUBSCRIPTIONS from TWO GUINEAS
per annum.

N.B.—Two or Three Friends may UNITE in ONE SUB-
SCRIPTION, and thus lessen the Cost of Carriage.

Town and Village Clubs supplied on Liberal Terms.

Prospectuses and Monthly Lists of Books gratis
and post free.

SURPLUS LIBRARY BOOKS

NOW OFFERED AT

GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

A NEW CLEARANCE LIST (100 pp.)

Sent Gratis and post free to any address.

The List contains: POPULAR WORKS in
TRAVEL, SPORT, HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY,
SCIENCE, and FICTION. Also NEW and SUR-
PLUS Copies of FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN,
SPANISH, and RUSSIAN BOOKS.

30-34, NEW OXFORD STREET;

241, Brompton Road, S.W.; 48, Queen Victoria

Street, E.C., LONDON;

And at Barton Arcade, MANCHESTER.

An American Transport
in the
Crimean War.

CHAPTER I.

The Old and the New Mediterranean Trade—The
Pioneer Steamship—Arrival at Marseilles—The
Cholera—Origin of the Crimean War—French
Hilarity succeeded by Disappointment.

CHAPTER II.

The Passage to Constantinople—Reminiscences of
Antiquity—Ashore in the Dardanelles—Disin-
terested Kindness of Suleyman Pasha—Constan-
tinople and its Surroundings—The Passage to
the Crimea—The Seaports and the Battlegrounds
—Starvation at the English Camp—French
Economy and Hospitality.

CHAPTER III.

The Mistake of the Allies in Making their Landing—
The Commencement of the Siege and the Misery
attending it—Another Passage from Marseilles—
Narrow Escape from Foundering in a Gale—
Arrival at Kamiesh—The Monastery of St.
George.

CHAPTER IV.

The American and the French Cuisine—A Trip to the
Sea of Azof—Contrasted Scenes of Peace and War
—Vandalism of the Allies at Kertch—Trading
with a Pasha—The Unsuccessful Attack on
Sebastopol—Panic at Kamiesh and Balaklava—
Return to Marseilles—Trip to Algeria.

CHAPTER V.

Return Again to the Crimea—Ravages of Disease in
the Camps—French Transport System compared
with Ours in the Civil War—The Sisters of Charity
—The Capture of the Malakoff and Redan—A
View of the Ruins—Bombproof Female Curiosity.

CHAPTER VI.

Entering the Turkish Service—The Turk a Man of
his Word—Good Pay and Little Work—Our
Philosophic Chief Officer—The Pasha's Bedclothes
—His Friendship—No Use for a Propeller.

CHAPTER VII.

Hafiz Effendi and his Harem.

CHAPTER VIII.

Mustapha Pasha Wide Awake—We are Hurried Off to
Eupatoria—A Rescue in the Black Sea—A British
Frigate comes to our Aid—Arrival at Eupatoria.

CHAPTER IX.

The Blunder of a British General—A Post-Mortem
held by Mr. Sears and Some of his Religious Ideas
—The End of the War and Comments on its
Results.

By Capt. CODMAN.

Frontispiece. 198 pp. Price 3s. 6d.

London:

SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, HAMILTON & CO.

"THE ACADEMY"

LITERARY COMPETITIONS.

New Series. No. 4.

All readers attempting this week's
Competition (described fully on page
438) must cut out this Coupon
and enclose it with their reply.

THE BEST OF THE WORLD'S LITERATURE IN TWENTY HANDSOME VOLUMES.

COMPRISES A THOUSAND
OF THE
WORLD'S MASTERPIECES
FROM THE
DAWN OF LETTERS
TO THE PRESENT DAY.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT
BY

The Standard.

SPECIAL OFFER

(In Advance of the Day of Publication) REGARDING THE NEW

THE COMPLETE WORK
(20 Royal 8vo Volumes, 10,000 pages)
WILL BE SENT FOR
Half a Guinea
PAID NOW
(SEE SPECIAL OFFER).

"LIBRARY OF FAMOUS LITERATURE"

Issued by "The Standard," and Edited by Dr. RICHARD GARNETT, C.B. (late Keeper of Printed Books at the British Museum),
In association with (for France) M. LEON VALLEE, Librarian of the Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris; (for Germany) Dr. ALOIS BRANDL, Prof. of Literature
in the Royal University, Berlin; (for America) DONALD G. MITCHELL (Ik Marvel), the Author of "Reveries of a Bachelor," New York.

SOME OF THE
MANY NOTABLE FEATURES

"LIBRARY OF FAMOUS LITERATURE."

AN UNPARALLELED COLLECTION.—The Library of Famous Literature is a collection, unparalleled in extent, of the greater literature of the world, from the dawn of letters, through Ancient and Medieval times, to the work of living authors like Ruskin, Tolstoy, Mommsen, Hardy, Herbert Spencer, Ibsen, Mark Twain, Swinburne, and Kipling.

ITS EDITORS.—It has been prepared by the most competent hands, by men whose life-work has been a development of that keen judgment and critical insight necessary for the production of such a Library. The Editor of the English edition is Dr. Richard Garnett, C.B., equally known for his fifty years of service to the British Museum and as one of the foremost of English scholars. The association of Professor Brandl, Professor of Literature in the Royal University, Berlin, of M. Léon Vallee, Librarian of the famous Bibliothèque Nationale of Paris, and of Donald G. Mitchell, of the United States, not to speak of many qualified assistants, ensures work of the highest authority.

COMPLETE AND NEW.—It is an absolutely new and original work, the first complete collection of the world's literature published in Great Britain. Its mere extent is equalled only by great works of reference like the "Encyclopædia Britannica."

WHAT ITS VOLUMES CONTAIN.—Its contents are as varied as literature itself, and its scope coextensive with that of the world of letters. It includes over 200 of the finest poems, over 400 of the best stories, together with the best of travel and adventure, philosophy and science, art, wit and humour, letters and journals, religious meditation, criticism, and miscellaneous essays which may be gathered from all the books still preserved among men.

OVER 10,000 ROYAL OCTAVO PAGES.—The Library comprises over 10,000 royal octavo pages, of large, clear type cast specially for the Library, and restful to the most sensitive eyes.

DELIGHTFUL TO READ.—The work is complete in twenty handsome volumes, printed upon a paper made especially for this work, presenting a clear, soft, unglazed surface, rendering these books so light that they may be held with the utmost ease.

ILLUSTRATIONS THAT ARE INTERESTING.—The Library is richly embellished with nearly 500 full-page illustrations and coloured plates, printed separately from the text, on heavy enamelled paper. These illustrations include portraits of all the most famous authors who ever lived; a delightful series of pictures of Authors' Homes, and a still more novel series of Famous Authors in their Homes, seated by their study tables, amid their books, at work. So, too, their haunts are shown, the scenes of memorable passages in their books, and places celebrated in literature or in history.

RARE COLOURED PLATES.—The coloured plates, running in each volume, form one of the most notable features of the Library. They have been gathered from rare sources, and comprise some of the most exquisite specimens of the antique art of book-illumination.

A GREAT LIBRARY IN ITSELF.—A thousand volumes could not contain all that one may find in the Library of Famous Literature—not many thousand, such as the average man or woman would buy, if they set out to purchase a huge library of the world's literature. All these treasures are here in the most compact and convenient form, arranged in chronological order to show the gradual development of the human intellect and the art of literature. They have been selected by the most competent hands, men who have spent their lives delving in books, and have here, as it were, brought up from the depths a vast treasury of pearls and sunken gold; masterpieces which are imperishable, others that have been forgotten and lost to view in the overwhelming flood which threatens to sweep from the library and bookshelf all but the ephemeral production of the hour.

SPECIMEN PAGES.

It is difficult, if not impossible, to give an adequate idea of a work that is in itself a great library, by means of a few specimen pages or mere description. "The Standard" will, however, send next paid to any advertiser a full Prospectus of the Library of Famous Literature, together with specimen pages, specimen illustrations, pages from the index, and the like. But those who prefer to file their subscriptions at once, and thus take advantage of the special prices, which are offered in advance of the day of publication, will find order forms below, both for cash payments on monthly instalments. In case monthly payments are adopted, the subscriber has to send now but HALF A GUINEA to secure, as soon as the work is ready, the complete set of twenty volumes.

SPECIAL OFFER.—AT A REDUCTION OF 50 PER CENT. FROM THE REGULAR PRICES.

Those who subscribe now, in advance of Publication, may obtain the Complete Work, Twenty Volumes,

The entire Twenty Volumes sent, all at one time, upon a preliminary payment of but HALF A GUINEA.

SPECIAL PRICES IN ADVANCE OF THE DAY OF PUBLICATION ONLY.

W. T. JACKSON. ORDER FORM.—CASH PAYMENT.

The Standard,

23, St. Bride Street, LONDON, E.C. 1899.

- I enclose Six and a Half Guineas, in full payment for
The Library of Famous Literature, bound in Cloth.
* I enclose Eight and a Half Guineas, in full payment for
The Library of Famous Literature, bound in Half Persian Calf.*
* I enclose Ten and a Half Guineas, in full payment for
The Library of Famous Literature, bound in Three-Quarter Red Levant.*
I enclose Fourteen and a Half Guineas, in full payment for
The Library of Famous Literature, bound in Full Morocco.

2 Ac.

Signed

Address

Please address the package to

The Introductory Edition is sold at so low a price that the cost of carriage must be paid by the subscriber.

*** NOTE ON BINDINGS.**—The Library is bound in Cloth only in conformity to the usual custom. We recommend the bindings in half Persian Calf, and especially the Three-Quarter Red Levant, on account of their durability and handsome appearance and relative cheapness. The Red Levant is a particularly desirable and artistic form of the work. For those who desire the finest bindings, the sumptuous Full Morocco will be found to meet every requirement.

Samples of the different styles of Binding of the Library may be seen at the "Standard" Office, and at Mitchell's Royal Subscription Library, 33, Old Bond Street, where orders may be booked.

W. T. JACKSON. ORDER FORM.—MONTHLY PAYMENTS.

The Standard,

23, St. Bride Street, LONDON, E.C. 1899.

- I enclose herewith HALF A GUINEA, for which please send me the complete set of 20 Volumes of The Library of Famous Literature, at the special advance-of-publication price, bound in—
(Strike out three of these.)

Cloth. Half Persian Calf. Three-Quarter Red Levant. Full Morocco.

I agree to complete my purchase of the work by

15 further payments of 12/- per month (for Cloth).

* 15 " " 9/- " " Half Persian Calf.*

* 15 " " 15/- " " Three-Quarter Red Levant.*

15 " " 21/- " " Full Morocco.

My next payment shall be due upon the despatch of the 20 volumes; and my succeeding payments on the corresponding day of each month thereafter. Until such payments are completed, I engage that the volumes, not being my property, shall not be disposed of by sale or otherwise. I further agree that if, owing to unforeseen circumstances, of which you shall be the judge, the volumes cannot be delivered, the return of the deposit of Half a Guinea to me shall cancel this agreement.

Signed

2 Ac.

Address

Please address the package to

The Introductory Edition is sold at so low a price that the cost of carriage must be paid by the subscriber.

HODDER & STOUGHTON'S NEW WORKS.

The late Prof. A. B. Bruce's Gifford
Lecture.

NOW READY.—Crown 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.
**THE MORAL ORDER OF THE WORLD IN
ANCIENT AND MODERN THOUGHT.** By the late
ALEX. BALMAIN BRUCE, D.D., Author of "The
Providential Order of the World," &c.

New Work by Dr. Matheson.

NOW READY.—Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.
STUDIES OF THE PORTRAIT OF CHRIST.
By the Rev. GEORGE MATHESON, M.A., D.D.
"Dr. Matheson writes with distinction and out of experience,
and the charm of such a union is well-nigh irresistible to those
who can claim any culture of head and of heart."
Louds Mercury.

By the Same Author.

THE LADY ECCLESIA: an Autobiography. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, gilt top, 6s.
"Anything written by Dr. Matheson is sure to be classified
among 'whatsoever things are lovely.' And this 'Autobiography'
is no exception to the happy rule.... We have here in
nine-and-twenty exquisitely written chapters of autobiographic
cases a portrayal of the earlier history of the Christian Church."
Methodist Times.

Dr. Parker's Autobiography.

NOW READY.—Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.
A PREACHER'S LIFE: an Autobiography and an Album. By JOSEPH PARKER, D.D.,
Minister of the City Temple, London. With Portraits and
Illustrations.

"To many this volume will prove a book of deep interest."
Academy.
"It is a book of uncommon interest, and in those portions
which relate to its author's later life, one of heart-moving
pathos."—*Christian World.*

THE CITY TEMPLE PULPIT. Sermons
by Dr. JOSEPH PARKER. In Volume form. Vol. I.
now ready, price 3s. 6d. net. Cloth Cases for binding Parts.
price 6d. net.

NOW READY.—Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.
THE LIFE OF ALEXANDER DUFF, D.D.
By GEORGE SMITH, C.I.E., LL.D. A New One-Volume
Edition. With Portraits.

New Work by the Author of "Probable
Sons."

NOW READY.—Small 8vo, cloth, 2s.
ROSES. By Amy Le Feuvre, Author of
"Probable Sons," &c. With 4 Illustrations by Sydney
Cowell.
"It is a pleasantly written tale."—*Scotsman.*

By the Same Author.
HIS BIG OPPORTUNITY. With Four
Illustrations by Sydney Cowell. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt
edges, 2s.
"A prettily written story."—*Guardian.*

New Work by Dr. H. Clay Trumbull.

NOW READY.—Crown 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.
**BORDER LINES IN THE FIELD OF
DOUBTFUL PRACTICES.** By H. CLAY TRUMBULL,
D.D., Author of "The American Sunday School Times," &c.
"Dr. Trumbull has written a singularly useful book.... This
is an admirable book to place into the hands of young men who
are about to face the world and its many allurements."
Christian.

New Work by Dr. Anderson.
READY ON MONDAY.—8vo, cloth, 5s.
THE BUDDHA OF CHRISTENDOM. By
Dr. ROBERT ANDERSON, C.B.

By the Same Author.
NOW READY.—Fifth and Cheaper Edition.—Crown 8vo,
cloth, 2s. 6d.

THE SILENCE OF GOD.
"Dr. Anderson writes forcibly, eloquently, with much knowledge
of what others think and say, and with profound conviction
and confidence."—*Daily News.*

Dr. J. R. Miller's New Works.
READY ON MONDAY.—In cloth, gilt top, 3s. 6d.
STRENGTH and BEAUTY. By Rev.
J. R. MILLER, D.D. A New Volume of the "Silent
Times" Series.

Dr. Miller's New Booklet.
UNTO THE HILLS. By Rev. J. R. Miller,
D.D. With wrapper printed in colours, and illustrations
by G. H. Edwards. 1s. [Nearly ready.]

New Work by Rev. Dinsdale T. Young.
READY ON MONDAY.—Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.
UNFAMILIAR TEXTS. By Rev. Dinsdale
T. YOUNG.

LITTLE BOOKS ON RELIGION.
NEW VOLUMES NOW READY.—Cloth elegant,
1s. 6d. each.

AIDS TO BELIEF. By Right Rev. G. A.
CHADWICK, D.D., Lord Bishop of Derry.

THE FOUR GOSPELS. By Rev. R. H.
FISHER.

London: HODDER & STOUGHTON,
27, Paternoster Row, E.C.

Mr. T. FISHER UNWIN'S SELECTED LIST.

An Important New Work of Travel and Adventure.
IN DWARF-LAND AND

CANNIBAL COUNTRY:

A Record of Travel and Discovery
in Central Africa.

By ALBERT B. LLOYD.

With a Preface by Sir JOHN KENNAWAY,
BART.

With 3 Maps, and over 150 Illustrations.
Cloth, 21s. net.

This is the account of an exciting journey across
Africa from East to West, the last ten weeks being
made in the autumn of '90. The Great Pygmy
Forest, and the wonderful hot springs of Ruwenzori lay
in his route from Uganda to the Atlantic. Mr. Lloyd
made friends with the Pygmies, and stayed some time
with them.

**SOME NEW VOLUMES IN UNWIN'S
GREEN CLOTH LIBRARY.**

THE DOCTOR. By H. De Vere
STACPOOLE. Cloth, 6s.

FIRST REVIEWS.
"If the Doctor himself is a creation, then Mr. Stacpoole is as
great a creator as Thackeray.... The book is excellently
written."—*Scotsman.*
"A very good book, quiet, well-written, and sincerely felt."
Outlook.

AS OTHERS SEE US. By
WATSON DYKE, Author of "Craiktrees," &c.
Cloth, 6s.

Miss Austen was fond of depicting the impulsive girl who
acted on the spur of the moment and jumped to romantic conclusions.
Such a character—set as a governess in a typical
seaside boarding-school—is the heroine of this novel. She
becomes the centre of disapproving attention on the part of her
employers and their children. But her heroic and well-meant
audacity culminates when she makes a public appearance at an
itinerant musician's entertainment. Miss Dyke will be found
to have made good use of the fun and pathos suggested by her
plots.

A NEW NOVEL, by the Author of "Moonlight."
THE PATTEN EXPERIMENT.

By MARY E. MANN. Cloth, 6s.
"Is a veritable oasis of delicious grocerly in the weary desert
of novels with a purpose, detective novels and novels of adventure."
—*Spectator.*
"Susannah" is still probably Mrs. Mann's most substantial
performance, but "Moonlight" and her most recent book,
"The Patten Experiment," show equal cleverness and even an
advance in artistic dexterity."—*Bookman.*

A NEW BOOK FOR CHILDREN.

THE TREASURE SEEKERS. By
E. NESBIT. Fully illustrated by Gordon
Browne and Lewis Baumer. In decorated cover,
cloth, 6s.

NOTE.—An edition of this book is also published in Unwin's
Green Cloth Library at 6s.
In this book we have depicted the life of a family of children
told by themselves in a candid, ingenuous, and very amusing
style. On its original appearance it detached from Mrs. Nesbit
received so many letters from children imploring for "the
stories of the Bastable boys and girls in a book," that it was
decided to reprint the tale.

A RACE OF FIGHTING MEN.

**The SHERVINTONS—SOLDIERS
OF FORTUNE.** By KATHLEEN SHERVINTON.
Illustrated. Cloth, 10s. 6d. net.

This is the life-story of three soldier brothers, told as nearly
as possible in their own words from their letters home. All
three served in the early wars in South Africa. One of them died
whilst still young, and of the remaining two one devoted his
energies to Madagascar, and the other to Central America.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HOW TO BE HAPPY
THOUGH MARRIED."

DOUBT and FAITH. By the Rev.
E. J. HARDY, M.A. Being the Donellan Lectures
for 1898-9. With supplementary Chapters.
Cloth, 6s.

FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A CLERGYMAN.
A DAY in my CLERICAL LIFE.
By the Rev. R. E. VEAGH. Cloth, 3s. 6d. net.

"THE BUILDERS OF GREATER BRITAIN."
NEW VOLUME.

**ADMIRAL PHILLIP: the Found-
ing of New South Wales.** By LOUIS BECKE
and WALTER JEFFERY, Joint Authors of
"The Mutineer," &c. With Photogravure Frontis-
piece. Cloth, 6s.

"It is not too much to say that Messrs. Becke and Jeffery
have rendered a service to the nation by compiling—obviously
at great pains, industry, and research—this admirable biography
of Arthur Phillip."—*Fall Mail Gazette.*

London: T. FISHER UNWIN,
11, Paternoster Buildings, E.C.

NOW READY.

Demy 8vo, cloth, 2 vols., price 24s.

THE SOCIAL LIFE OF SCOTLAND in the EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

By the Rev. H. GREY GRAHAM.

"We can pay the author of these two volumes no
higher compliment than by saying that unless we are
much mistaken, they will rank as a classic contribu-
tion to the history of Scotland."—*The Daily Chronicle.*
"His picture of the domestic life and industry, the
rural economy, the religious customs and theological
opinions, the superstitions, the laws, and the educa-
tional institutions of the age of our great grandfathers
is as vivid in colouring and effective in grouping and
composition as it is authentic and trustworthy as a
piece of history."—*The Scotsman.*

NOW READY.

Crown 8vo, cloth, price 6s.

RESEARCHES in the HISTORY OF ECONOMICS.

By Prof. E. NYS, LL.D.

Translated by N. F. and A. R. DRYHURST.

"The volume gives a most instructive account of
the origins of economic theory."—*The Scotsman.*

NOW READY.

CHEAP ISSUE, in 1 handy volume,
demy 8vo, 1,232 pp., price 16s. net.

A DICTIONARY OF BIRDS.

By ALFRED NEWTON, M.A., F.R.S.,

Professor of Zoology and Comparative Anatomy in
the University of Cambridge.

Assisted by HANS GADOW, F.R.S.

"The most comprehensive review of the subject of
ornithology extant, and in it will be found a concise
summary on most of the important works of ornithology
from the earliest times."—*Nature.*

NOW READY.

Crown 8vo, cloth, price 6s.

NELL GWYN'S DIAMOND.

By I. HOOPER.

Author of "His Grace o' the Gunne," "A Minister's
Conversion," &c.

"A stirring novel that will make 'a hit' perhaps
more decided than that achieved by 'His Grace o' the
Gunne.'"—*The Literary World.*

NOW READY.

Crown 8vo, cloth, price 2s.

QUESTIONS FOR WOMEN (AND MEN).

By HONNOR MORTEN.

With an Introduction by

Mrs. HENRY FAWCETT, LL.D.

"This excellent little book."—*St. James's Budget.*
"All her pages are inspired by moderation and by
common sense. There is no attempt at exhausting
any of the subjects treated, but all are dealt with in
thoughtful and suggestive style."—*Globe.*

NOW READY.

Demy 8vo, cloth, price 21s.

AFTER BIG GAME IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

Records of a Sportsman from August, 1894, to
November, 1897, when crossing the Dark
Continent from the Mouth of the Zambezi to
the French Congo.

With Map and over Sixty Illustrations.

By EDOUARD FOÀ, F.R.G.S.

Translated by FREDERIC LEES.

"It is, beyond any possibility of doubt, the
production, not only of a hard-working explorer
thoroughly conversant with the toils and dangers of
the African interior, but of a first-rate sportsman,
who, without being a butcher, has been extra-
ordinarily successful in the pursuit of the rarer and
larger of the wild fauna of the country.... This is a
really excellent sporting book."—*The Saturday Review*

A. & C. BLACK, Soho Square, London, W.